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The Shape of Things

TO APPOINT A NEW SECRETARY OF STATE A fortnight before the opening of the San Francisco Conference would have been practically impossible, but it would have been still more harmful to allow any diminution of his prestige while the conference was still under way. President Truman quite properly answered the continuous rumors of changes in the State Department with an energetic and repeated denial. But now that the conference is approaching an end, the early replacement of Mr. Stettinius by a stronger man, stronger in character and in knowledge of international affairs, seems inescapable. Not only the grave incident of Syria but dozens of minor conflicts all over the world, including the mounting difficulties in Argentina, confirm the fears so often expressed in these pages. It was easy enough to predict that the refusal of the major Allies to wage the war as a political war would leave the world at the end of hostilities overcharged with explosives. Yet even the most critical observers could hardly have anticipated that in the third week after V-E Day French and British forces would be on the verge of open conflict. Neither could one have imagined that some irresponsible in the State Department would risk panic in San Francisco by talking "off the record" about war with Russia "in ninety days." As I. F. Stone stresses in his Washington letter this week, the situation demands clear and strong diplomacy such as our State Department is unable now to provide. It is not only a question of replacing Mr. Stettinius. Nothing will be achieved unless, at the same time, the Department is purged of men like James Dunn, who have been directly and personally responsible for the worst maneuvers of appeasement and ultra-reaction. The military war is over in Europe, and the only weapons left in our hands for the political battles ahead are diplomatic competence and a strategic, decent, democratic line. As long as the State Department remains unchanged, we are disarmed and unprepared.

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A NEW CRISIS DEVELOPED IN SAN FRANCISCO last week-end as a result of Russia's opposition to the formula, worked out by the Big Five, for diminishing the veto right of the major powers. For the third time during the conference it was suggested that the Russians were merely trying to find an excuse to quit the projected world security organization altogether. Other rumors circulated to the effect that the conference might recess and leave the task of ironing out further difficulties to the various technical committees, with the delegates meeting again several months from now under more auspicious circumstances. Both interpretations lack any foundation. Although the Russians may

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drive the other nations into a state of desperation by delays and objections, they are no less interested in creating a world organization and writing a world charter. Certainly they will never accept responsibility for breaking up the conference. As to the possibility of a recess, nothing more absurd could be suggested. If events continue as they have been going, the atmosphere will be even more charged at the end of 1945 than it is now and the chances of reaching an agreement will be smaller. No matter how imperfect the results of the conference may be, the main thing, as we have so often said, is to create some link among the nations to keep them together in the difficult period ahead. This is the first essential. If the machinery of world organization were in existence today, for example, the conflict in Syria might have been resolved on an international basis instead of developing into an acrimonious dispute between two of the chief Allied powers. Once the world security organization is established, its deficiencies can be corrected on the march.

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T. V. SOONG'S ELEVATION TO THE POST OF President of the Executive Yuan is rightly being hailed as a favorable development in the troubled Chinese picture. Dr. Soong, a liberal and a moderate, is head of what might be called the pro-United Nations faction of the Kuomintang in counterdistinction to the anti-democratic cliques headed by Ho Ying-chin and Chen Li-fu. Soong's appointment as chief of the executive branch of the government is at the same time a bid for American favor and an effort to mend relations with Russia, for Soong is about to visit Moscow. Some observers have gone farther and interpreted his appointment as preparing the way for an early settlement of the long-standing dispute between Yenan and Chungking. This interpretation ignores the many signs of deterioration in Kuomintang-communist relations, which were discussed by Mr. Bisson in last week's issue of *The Nation*. While the Hurley-Wedemeyer policies, aided by the opening of the Burma road, have undoubtedly brought about an improvement in relations between Washington and Chungking, this gain has been offset by a growing suspicion of American policies in Yenan and increased antagonism between Chungking and Yenan. The new Premier is undoubtedly anxious to find a basis for unity among the rival Chinese factions, but it is doubtful whether his position within the Kuomintang is sufficiently strong to offset the still powerful divisive influence of Ho Ying-chin and the CC clique.

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IN RELEASING JUDGE VINSON'S LETTER TO Senator Wagner supporting the full-employment bill, the White House has fired the first shot in the most important battle of the domestic front. As a Senator, Mr. Truman joined with Senator Murray last December in indorsing the principles involved in this bill, and as President he is obviously determined to make it a major Administration objective. This public indorsement by Vinson will tend to disarm the Southern Democrats and right wingers in the party, for the Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion carries great prestige among them. Judge Vinson deserves the highest praise for his letter. He wrote that the American people would not be content "to go back to protracted large-scale unemployment," that "given an adequate market" industry would furnish the jobs, that "we cannot, however, leave the creation of that market to chance," and that the direction of this task must be taken over by government. The full-employment bill seems to us to offer the best approach to this problem within the traditional framework of American democratic processes, and we hope all progressive organizations will throw their weight behind it. Wagner, Murray, O'Mahoney, and Thomas of Utah are sponsoring it in the Senate, a bloc of seventy under Patman of Texas in the House. It is no exaggeration to say that the fate of this bill will be decisive for American prosperity and world peace.

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INSIGHT INTO THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT'S struggle at San Francisco for a full-employment clause in the United Nations Charter is provided in a White Paper just issued at Canberra. After reviewing the failure of Australia's pre-war employment policies—which were chiefly of a nationalistic character—the White Paper stresses the need for sustaining both domestic and foreign markets. It emphasizes the importance of each country's doing all in its power to maintain employment within its own territory as a contribution to world stability. As the primary means for achieving this, the Australian government underlines the necessity for maintaining spending at a high level in order to stabilize the flow of private capital investment. It points out that public spending is the only effective means known for offsetting variations in private expenditures, and insists that a comprehensive program for public improvement must be ready for implementation whenever private spending and employment show signs of declining. For the immediate post-war reconversion period it proposes a national housing program, a land-settlement plan for ex-service men, a public-works program, and a program for expanding the key industries that have been undermined by the war. Australia's economic position after the war may, in some ways, be more difficult than that of the United States, but basically the problems involved in maintaining full employment will be the same in all the democratic countries. Success or failure will depend chiefly on the wisdom and vigor of government leadership. It is good to know that in at least one country that leadership is already being demonstrated.

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THE INTRICACIES OF NEW YORK CITY POLITICS have baffled us more than the maze of power relationships in the world of nations. It appears, however, that the plot has been unraveling satisfactorily since Mayor LaGuardia made his dramatic withdrawal from fusion and confusion. The villains and heroes have become distinguishable. The coy Tammany bosses have at last reached the foregone conclusion that a good candidate is needed if they are to elect a mayor in a town that has had LaGuardia for a decade or so. Kelly, Flynn and Company couldn't have done better than pick O'Dwyer: it is too bad that O'Dwyer couldn't have done better than pick Tammany. The A. L. P. backing may modify the taint of machine oil, but it will add its own special brand of flavoring. The Republicans, binding to themselves such allies as the Liberal Party and other independent groups, will, if they are wise, run a candidate of the stamp of McGoldrick, Stanley Isaacs, or Newbold Morris. Any one of them could be counted on to carry on the best of the LaGuardia tradition

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—without the temperament and without, alas, the color. Which makes us doubt if any candidate now being talked of can hope to fill that spot on WNYC at one o'clock on Sunday. Perhaps, New York would do well to rehire Fiorello as a permanent feature on New York City's own station. He would be above politics, but he would still be free to discuss such favorite themes as the Fulton Fish Market, racetrack and other gamblers, meat racketeers, and the band in Central Park Mall. Before he knew it he would be straying off Manhattan Island itself, out into the great world in which Gabriel Heatter makes his home. Nothing would stop our mayor if he really put his heart into the job of radio commentator. And then perhaps he wouldn't mind if McGoldrick or somebody ran New York.

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THE ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA OPENS its post-war books with an order from Franco's Spain for two thousand tons of aluminum. This is what we learn from a reliable Canadian source. The Canadian government has granted a priority for the shipment of the metal. In addition to this initial order the Spanish government has asked for annual deliveries of ten thousand tons, many times the total pre-war consumption of Spain. Even the Aluminum Company is a bit perplexed and is investigating what is behind—and ahead of—these orders. We should like to know too.

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A VICIOUS EXAMPLE OF HOME-GROWN RACISM is contained in a report of the California Senate's Committee on Un-American Activities. It has special reference to Japanese problems in the state, and despite an apparent objectivity, its effect is to give covert sanction to individual acts of violence against American citizens of Japanese descent. Under the heading "Subversive Activities" it states in an accusatory tone that the Japanese have rarely entered into the life of American communities and that "little Tokyos" have invariably developed wherever a substantial Japanese population existed. The committee is convinced that the Japanese settled on the West Coast by design. According to its report, Communists are the main defenders of Japanese Americans. Other organizations seeking to defend their rights, says the report, are quasi-religious and pacifist in character, of the type that is also concerned with the welfare of conscientious objectors. The California committee, judging by this report, is following faithfully in the footsteps of its spiritual parent, the Dies committee, which up to now has held the record for un-American activities.

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FROM ROME THE *STARS AND STRIPES* SENDS ITS own answer to those super-patriots of the West Coast. An editorial on June 3 points to the record of American troops of Japanese origin: "Nobody has asked where their grandpapas came from." Reciting the battle log of the much-decorated 100th Battalion of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team—Cassino, Anzio, the Appennines, France—the editorial recalls the occasion when it rescued a battalion of the Thirty-sixth (Texas) Division that had been cut off by the Germans. "That was a pretty tough assignment," the *Stars and Stripes* says, "a pretty dirty job in the hands of Americans whose families were being beaten up by the families of other American lads."

Let's Finish the War

THE article by Max Hirschberg in this week's *Nation* gives a timely warning against falling into the same mistakes we committed after the First World War in letting the war-makers survive to plan new crimes against humanity. The article is a fitting sequel to the recent piece by Rustem Vambery, which suggested that we would involve ourselves in legal tangles of the most inextricable sort—and end by letting top war criminals go scot free—if we attempted to judge war guilt in terms of recognized codes of law. It is better to regard the war as unfinished business until the aggressor is destroyed as well as the aggression checked. For war is a form of international political action. It is used by an aggressor to achieve certain set political aims of conquest or domination. It is used against an aggressor to reestablish a secure international community. We have now stopped aggression in Europe; we have not yet eliminated the aggressor except in those few cases where an individual was removed by accident of battle or suicidal fright. We are now in grave risk not only of letting the aggressor go free but of clothing him in white linen and giving him one of the chief seats at the feast.

Justice Jackson, just back from a European inspection and consultations with the War Crimes Commission in London, assures us that certain well-defined crimes—such as the ruthless killing of American prisoners in the Ardennes counter-offensive—will be quickly brought before tribunals. So too will be the specific crimes committed by Germans in the occupied countries. But these cases are comparatively simple compared with the great crimes of those who actually mapped out Hitler's diabolical schemes for exterminating whole races, destroying democracy itself, and invading neighboring lands. Even today these men think, not in terms of guilt, but of failure. Having failed, they are already planning how to succeed next time. We must make that failure so complete—and so personal—that there can be no third attempt. No German General Staff must be allowed to survive this war: so far generals have been treated as "officers and gentlemen." No Hitler propagandist must be allowed to slip through our fingers. And no industrialist or financier who supported Hitler on his road to power should escape punishment. The sooner Thyssen and Company leave Capri for St. Helena—to suggest the most lenient punishment—the better.

But at this very point we have grave fears that our policy against the aggressors will be compromised by devious international intentions. We don't like to see Robert Murphy in the post of top political adviser in Germany. For one thing, it is an insult to General Eisenhower, who, we suspect, understands something about the political as well as the military objectives of war. Sumner Welles, in a recent article in the New York *Herald Tribune,* warned that powerful pressure groups in this country, "particularly those which seek to embroil the United States and the Soviet Union and to bring about the resurrection of a 'strong Germany' as a buffer against Russia," will be favorably disposed toward a German "authority" as a bulwark against communism. The same groups will be quite prepared to see Germany's economic power reconstituted under the control of the old gang. They will

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resist all attempts to encourage left-wing anti-Nazis assuming administrative control, first on local and then on provincial and national levels. We touch on this larger problem simply because the punishment of war criminals is actually more a political than a judicial question. It will be lightly skipped over if a pro-capitalist, anti-Soviet policy is followed: under such a policy top Nazi generals and industrialists would come in mighty useful. It will be carried through with expedition and rigor if we are determined to clinch victory in Europe in a genuine anti-fascist, anti-Nazi finale. Such a course, too, would bring us into the closest working agreement with Russia.

We have always insisted that indiscriminate punishment of the whole German people would be both unjust and senseless. The claim that the whole German people share in the responsibility for Nazism's crimes may be valid, but offers little guide to the effective imposition of punishment. The Russians are both more realistic and more just than our "hard-peace" advocates and our "soft-peace" Soviet haters. They make it quite clear that they are going to permit no one to escape who was directly involved in any atrocities committed against their people or who played an important part in the rise of Nazism. Beyond that their aim appears to be to sponsor the growth of a healthy Germany from which the virus of fascism has been completely eliminated. We could do worse than follow their principles. Perhaps that is what Justice Jackson intends doing if he has his way on the international tribunal. Perhaps that is the policy underlying President Truman's directives on Germany, so far kept secret. (We support Mr. Stone's demand in this week's *Nation* that they be published.) Certainly we should waste no more time in letting both the Nazis and some of our politicians at home and abroad know that in this war we are playing for keeps.

The French Case

JUDGED by established standards of international behavior, General Charles de Gaulle has made an unanswerable case for France's position in the Levant. It is true, as he says, that under the terms of the French mandate over Syria and Lebanon, and specifically under the terms of the agreement signed in 1941 by himself and Sir Oliver Lyttleton, France is responsible for keeping order in those countries. It is true, too, that French recognition of Lebanese and Syrian independence was conditioned, specifically and in writing, on the negotiation of treaties defining the "reciprocal relations" of those countries and France, a fact the British several times formally acknowledged. It is further true, though General de Gaulle does not directly make the charge, that the British in the Levant supported if they did not instigate the so-called "revolt" in 1943, and forced General Catroux to change his policy at the point of an open ultimatum—deliberately humiliating the French before the entire Arab world. Not only this. The British compounded their offense by censoring the news from Lebanon and Syria so as to make it appear, particularly in America, that General de Gaulle had gone back on his agreements and intended to prevent the Levantine states from enjoying the independence promised them.

It is just as well to keep these facts in the back of one's head while reading the current stories coming out of the Middle East. General de Gaulle is quite within his rights in stressing them since today, as in 1943, the British are presenting the French to the entire world as brutal oppressors of helpless people. And the Administration in Washington is giving London its full support.

Now none of this is intended to suggest that France is without fault in its dealings with the Levant. It seems, unless the British have again managed to twist the reports out of all semblance to truth, that the French military have been inexcusably violent and brutal in suppressing the recent disorders, particularly in Damascus. It is also questionable whether new French troops, even to the modest total of 500 and even as replacements, should have been sent into the Levant while the treaty negotiations were still going on. This looked like intimidation whether it was so intended or not. And beyond all these minor items of method lies the basic question whether "special interests" of particular nations can continue to be guarded by treaty provisions—in other words, whether the familiar imperialist techniques will still be effective, particularly in the Middle East where nationalist feelings are backed by the ambitions of local politicians and the more and more aggressive Arab League.

But one can say all this without losing sight of the special animus behind Britain's intervention. The British have from the start done everything possible to oust French influence from the Middle East. To this end they have been willing to play with the fire of Arab nationalism and Moslem fanaticism. They are doing so today. Indeed it is hard to see how they can risk so many pious protestations in behalf of independence for the Syrians. For south of Syria lie Palestine and Transjordan, both tightly held by Britain under a mandate backed by substantial armed forces which have not hesitated to act on the first sign of resistance by Jew or Arab. On the southeast lies Iraq, bound to Britain by a treaty similar to the one France seeks with the Levantine republics and, in addition, occupied since the rebellion of 1941 by British troops. Next to Transjordan is Egypt, also tied to Britain by a treaty which provides naval bases and garrisons at strategic points. Indeed, the more one studies the political map of the Middle East the less noble and disinterested appears Britain's intervention on behalf of the Levantines against the French. Put more plainly, the British in the Levant sound like hypocrites and smell of oil. We warmly support General de Gaulle's suggestion that the whole problem of the Arab states be thoroughly canvassed by the Big Five. Such an inquiry would turn up fascinating facts about the techniques of economic and political imperialism as practiced by all the great powers at the close of this war to end exploitation and tyranny.

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The Threat of Deflation

THE extent of accumulated savings in the hands of lower-income groups will be a crucial question in forthcoming Congressional and administrative battles over reconversion. It will certainly be prominent in discussions of President Truman's message to Congress asking wider unemployment-compensation coverage during the reconversion period and an increase in maximum benefits to $25 a week for twenty-six weeks. Though no comprehensive survey has yet been made in the field of war savings, it may be useful at this time to bring together whatever figures are available.

The closest approach to an authoritative study was made by the OPA some time ago. This analysis covered 1941 and 1942. It dealt with "consumer units," that is, single individuals or families, depending on the circumstances in each case. The OPA found that 66.4 per cent of all consumer units had incomes of $2,500 a year or less, and that this group accounted for only 11.6 per cent of all savings. That this is still roughly true was indicated by the Department of Commerce survey of current business last September, which said, "There is reason to believe that a relatively high share of cash savings is in the hands of the numerically smaller higher-income groups. . . . For this reason accumulated savings cannot be counted upon as a major determinant of the level of economic activity in the transition period."

Similar conclusions are indicated by Richard A. Lester's "Providing for Unemployed Workers in the Transition," a study published by the Committee for Economic Development. Lester reports that "at least a quarter, and probably a third of the wage-earners' families in this country had by 1944 accumulated little if any savings in spendable form. Such families were for the most part in the lower-income levels . . . the ones most likely to experience severe unemployment in the post-war period." Conversely Lester finds that "the bulk of the war-time savings by workers has occurred in families with an income above $3,000 a year," families "less likely to experience an extended period of unemployment."

These figures support the President's plea that decent employment benefits "would serve as a bulwark against post-war deflation. By assuring workers of a definite income for a definite period of time Congress will help materially to prevent a sharp decline in consumer expenditures, which might otherwise result in a downward spiral of consumption and production." The maximum of twenty-six weeks at $25 a week for workers "with dependents" is little enough for this purpose but would be an improvement over the sixteen-week maximum now in force in one-third of the states and the $15 to $18 a week which is the maximum payment available in most of them. The President's proposal also contrasts favorably with the $20 a week for twenty-six weeks which is the maximum suggested by the Committee for Economic Development.

Mr. Truman's message indicates that he intends to carry on Mr. Roosevelt's domestic economic policies. It invites a real battle in Congress. Many men there speak for interests blind enough to prefer a sharp deflation after the war, in which they can beat down the wages of labor and weaken the trade unions. That this means lowered purchasing power and a smaller domestic market seems to be beyond their ken. We hope not only that progressive labor and farm organizations will support the President's program but that he will also be able to muster some strength among thoughtful business men. A substantial rise in the American standard of living is essential to the health and prosperity of an economic system whose productive capacity has been vastly expanded by the war. Any measures which will help maintain wages and with them the standard of living during the reconversion period are to the benefit of capital as well as labor. Both would suffer from a post-war deflation.

Truman and the State Department

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, June 3

THREE recent events indicate that President Truman does not see eye to eye with the State Department. The first was the sending of Mr. Davies to London and of Mr. Hopkins to Moscow. Both men are poison ivy to the State Department crowd, and their mission, as did similar ones under Mr. Roosevelt, constituted a serious reflection on it. They implied that in critical situations Mr. Truman, like Mr. Roosevelt before him, feels that he can rely neither on the ambassadors in those two key capitals nor on officials of the department. The situations referred to were created in part by the department's own stupid diplomacy, which has antagonized Moscow while giving a blank check to London. The State Department is fully capable of creating trouble but not of correcting it.

The second event was Mr. Stettinius's radio address from San Francisco after a hurried trip to the White House for consultation. This address, as the New York *Herald Tribune* pointed out, constituted "a formal and almost point-by-point reversal of course on all those issues of policy concerning which Mr. Stettinius's pilotage has been most severely criticized."

The third was the release by the White House tonight of a letter from War Mobilization Director Vinson to Senator Wagner strongly indorsing the full-employment bill. The letter and the circumstances of its publication indicate that Mr. Truman as President intends to continue the fight he began as Senator, in the Murray-Truman report last December, for a full-employment economy after the war. This is in sharp contrast to the persistent opposition of the State

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Secretary Stettinius

Department and the American delegation at San Francisco to the inclusion either of the "right to work" or "full employment" in the new United Nations Charter.

Mr. Stettinius is reported to have come to Washington in great alarm and to have left chastened. Obviously one of the issues on which he was put on the carpet was Argentina. He assured his radio audience last Monday night that our vote for its admission "did not constitute a blanket indorsement of the policies of the Argentine government," but that on the contrary "with many of these policies both the government and the people of the United States have no sympathy." Arnaldo Cortesi's sensational report to the New York *Times* on Friday added to Mr. Stettinius's discomfiture. That afternoon, following an off-the-record conference with Latin American journalists, Mr. Truman took the unusual step of instructing a secretary to inform the press that when asked his views on the Argentine situation, he had replied, "I am not very happy about it."

Mr. Truman will find himself increasingly unhappy in this and other situations so long as he delays the essential task of naming a new Secretary of State and reorganizing the State Department. The dominant clique is as pro-Perón as it is pro-Franco. While Mr. Stettinius unhappily asserted that we would expect Argentina to fulfil the democratic pledges it made at Chapultepec, "seasoned Foreign Service officers" told the Washington *Post* "that this country has solemnly pledged not to interfere in the internal affairs of any Latin American country." The department's real attitude was revealed when Nelson Rockefeller told a group of Congressmen privately that Argentina was our best "bulwark against Bolshevism" in this hemisphere. The danger in this Goebbels-like line is indicated by two news items. One is an Allied labor-news dispatch from Montevideo which summarizes a book, "German Capital in Argentina," newly published in Montevideo by Luis Victor Sommi. Sommi charges that German trusts continue to control some two hundred corporations in Argentina. The other is the piece of apologetics on Argentina which leaked out of the American delegation in San Francisco to Russell Porter and was printed in yesterday's New York *Times*. Among other evidences of Argentina's helpfulness, Porter cited its "announced intention to liquidate any Axis firms not actually producing for the Allies' war effort." This is curious, and would seem to provide Axis firms with an interesting loophole through which to avoid seizure and continue profitably in business. Is it possible that we or the British are giving war contracts to Axis companies in Argentina? Could be.

The Argentine question is not the only one on which Mr. Stettinius's expressions of regret and statement of pious generalities are less than convincing. His discussion of the trusteeship issue is inaccurate. His declaration that "freedom from want encompasses the right to work" may imply a change of heart on full employment or can be a formula for keeping it out of the charter on the ground that it is already implied by the Four Freedoms. Mr. Stettinius had hardly finished saying that "we must mediate" between the other great powers "when their interests conflict among themselves" before the State Department handed Great Britain another blank check in the Syria-Lebanon dispute. The unwillingness of either the United States or Great Britain to make any real concession to colonial aspirations on trusteeship makes our joint indignation over French demands for bases and other rights in Syria-Lebanon the rankest kind of hypocrisy. I would neither disparage just Arab grievances nor defend French colonial policy, but this whole affair has a strong smell of oil imperialism and of an Anglo-American attempt to muscle into a French sphere of influence.

Mr. Davies is said to have been instructed to tell the Foreign Office that Mr. Truman intends to carry on Mr. Roosevelt's policy, that is, presumably, the policy of playing a middle role between Moscow and London. Mr. Stettinius paid lip service to the same conception in his radio speech. But the actuality is that of an Anglo-American alliance with the leadership in London. This has a firm foundation in the system of combined boards, which have always been Anglo-American or Anglo-American-Candian, and which continue to operate in raw materials, shipping, production, and other fields. There is Anglo-American military coordination through SHAEF, which some British sources would like to continue in the occupation of Germany and in the diplomatic sphere at San Francisco and elsewhere in the world; there is consistent Anglo-American teamwork, whether against De Gaulle, Moscow, or Tito. That is hardly the way to further the big-power "solidarity" of which Mr. Stettinius spoke.

A crucial test is coming in Germany, now that a coordinated control body is at last being set up. Mr. Truman has signed excellent directives on reparations, the occupation of the Reich, and war crimes—directives which could be the basis for eliminating both the war-making potential and the trouble-making personnel of the German state. But the influence of the War Department and of the British has succeeded in preventing the publication of these directives. Their disclosure would inform the American and British public on our plans for the future of Germany and provide correspondents abroad with a means of checking the actual policies being applied by our military-control authorities. Private information here and stories seeping into the papers indicate that the military are moving in the direction of rebuilding German industry. This, as I reported some weeks ago, accords with the views of key State Department officials obsessed with the idea that a strong Germany is needed as a bulwark against you-know-what, and a similar idea seems to be favored in British Tory and financial circles. If there were a really joint policy on occupation, our military and diplomatic authorities would find it more difficult quietly to circumvent the Truman directives, and they may therefore do their best to continue separate administrations with separate policies.

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Mr. Truman will have to decide whether he intends to run the State Department or to be run by it. The inside crowd is adept at doing things its own way while giving the appearance of carrying out orders. The longer it stays in office the more dearly it may cost us. As for Mr. Stettinius, he represents a special problem because he stands next in line for the Presidency. He is a genuinely nice person who intends no harm and harbors no sinister designs. Had Mr. Roosevelt lived, he would have been the willing instrument of the President's policies. But Mr. Stettinius's limitations of knowledge and capacity were appallingly obvious at San Francisco and created considerable amazement among other delegations. He doesn't have what it takes to be Secretary of State, and if anything happened to Mr. Truman it would be a calamity to have Mr. Stettinius become President. This opinion was shared privately by the overwhelming majority of newspapermen and delegates at San Francisco. Mr. Truman owes it to himself and the country to replace him as soon as possible, and to give us that long overdue State Department housecleaning.

The War Fronts

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

LESS than a month after the unconditional surrender of Germany, the pattern of the final phases of the war against Japan is becoming more and more clear. That war, spread over a vast four-thousand-mile arc in the Pacific, up through the jungles and peninsulas of Southeast Asia, and across the great, disjointed land front in China, has always seemed an uncoordinated jumble of tactical actions: a leap to an island, a jungle offensive, a retreat through mountains, an endless series of air raids on difficult targets. But now, with the closing of the fronts to comparatively lesser distances, and with the increased tempo of blows which are hurting the enemy badly, the strategic pattern emerges. President Truman's message last week on the extent and character of our war effort in the Pacific spells doom for the Japanese.

As they did against Germany, the Allies are moving in upon Japan from several directions. The spearpoint of their advance, and also the spearpoint of America's great industrial and military power, is at present imbedded in the restricted area of Okinawa, where the fighting is at its bloodiest. There is a further extension of that American power over the key cities of Japan, making itself felt in high-explosive and incendiary bombs. Away to the south, in the Southeast Asia Command, Allied ground, sea, and air forces are wearing away the enemy's strength and holdings in Burma, Indo-China, Malaya, Thailand. This region has now apparently been cut off from Japan by the Chinese offensive through Nanning toward the South China Sea. Chinese offensives on other sectors of the great land front are hastening the Japanese retreat to the coast and into the north; and behind all this, in Japan's rear, Russian offensive power is evidently being gathered to reinforce the two Red Banner armies of the Far East which are already poised around the rim of Manchuria. So the steel trap closes.

Causal relationships in this enormous encirclement-and-annihilation strategy are most apparent in the western Pacific; and it is deeply significant that this region is the closest to Japan and the one from which the most damage is now being done to Japan. The island conquests of the past year—Saipan, Tinian, Guam, Iwo—are paying dividends at Okinawa and over Tokyo. From the bases in the Marianas thousands of troops and tons of supplies are carried to Okinawa's beaches, made safe en route by air patrols from the same bases; and from the same bases again, Superfortresses fly out on the mightiest demolition attacks in history, burning whole cities, destroying thousands of tiny sub-assembly workshops in the houses of war workers, and sending Japanese armament industry underground at an ever-increasing pace.

None of this is accomplished without cost. Okinawa continues to be bitter and bloody, marked by desperate hand-to-hand fighting in a muddy and restricted area where free movement, the sweeping maneuver of tank regiments and infantry brigades, is evidently almost impossible. Naha and Shuri will be remembered as terrible and expensive victories, won in the final analysis only by men who went in on foot carrying rifles, grenades, and flame-throwers against a fiercely resisting enemy who continues to learn the more effective employment of artillery and mortar fire, and who continues also not only to defend every position until the last man is dead but to counter-attack aggressively and cleverly.

Life at Okinawa has been more dangerous off shore than it has been on the island. In the first weeks of the battle more sailors were killed in the waters around Okinawa than soldiers and marines in the land fighting. For the first time in the Pacific the fleet has been operating over a long period within easy reach of enemy land-based aircraft which were not previously neutralized. In a less exposed situation during the Philippines landings, the fleet suffered heavily; now, with suicide planes coming down regularly from the home islands, damage and loss of life have reached their highest point to date. An immediate result was seen in the saga of the brave carrier Franklin, which had to steam extra thousands of miles to Brooklyn for repairs because West Coast shipyards had neither space nor personnel for the job. The navy's urgent request last week for 15,000 additional shipyard workers on the Coast is sufficient indication of how acute this problem has become; and as the fleet moves in even closer to the home islands, the need will become greater.

B-29 losses have risen at the same time, another index of

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the rising fury of the Pacific war as it draws toward a climax. The aerial defense of Tokyo has improved markedly, to the point where nineteen of the big bombers were shot down in one attack last week. If the anti-aircraft barrage and the attacks of fighters were intense enough to produce that result, they were probably heavy enough to damage twice as many more Superfortresses to the point where they were unable to make the long, wearisome flight home again; and men who are forced to ditch in that broad sea cannot often be saved.

So it seems safe, though unpleasant, to say that the cost to Allied men and material will increase in direct proportion as we approach Japan's inner fortress.

That is just where the Japanese now seem to be headed. They withdrew from Nanning, key spot on the Manchuria-Singapore land route, without a fight. They are reportedly moving out of Wenchow, Swatow, and other east-coast ports in large numbers, leaving suicide garrisons behind them in the south to delay Chinese occupation and any American landings. There is a growing conviction in Chungking and at Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force headquarters that this is a real withdrawal, based on the enemy's conviction that he cannot hold Southeast Asia in the face of the successful British offensive in Burma, the complete cutting by Allied planes and submarines of the sea lane between Japan and Indonesia, and the comparative resurgence of Chinese strength at such places as Nanning and Foochow. One interesting development in this theater last week was the heavy bombing by R. A. F. planes of the Kra Isthmus, the narrow neck connecting Lower Burma and Malaya, which would seem to presage a British invasion of Malaya beginning at the isthmus and moving down toward Singapore and the Netherlands East Indies.

The Japanese know they cannot hold this region, and they may have decided to cut their losses, face the inevitable, and retire to their inner fortress for a last-ditch stand—again inviting comparison with the last year of German resistance. The Japanese may now mass between the Yangtze and the Amur, and hole up in the triangular inner defense zone comprising the home islands, Manchuria, and North China. This is a zone of great strength, and reducing it will be a bloody business. But there is no hope of survival for the Japanese if they choose to defend it to the end; we must therefore be prepared for many peace feelers and concerted efforts on their part to split the Allies so that they can escape with a negotiated peace.

NOTICE TO READERS

Since the paper restrictions went into effect in 1942 the circulation of The Nation *has risen by almost 50 per cent. In order to stay within our paper quota we have had to make a drastic reduction in our newsstand distribution. Now, in order that new subcriptions may be filled and a further cut on the newsstands prevented,* The Nation *will appear in 24- instead of 32-page issues every alternate week throughout the summer months.* The Nation *of June 16 will be 24 pages.*

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE BILL TO ENFORCE the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, as amended and improved by the conference committee, was adopted by the Senate on Wednesday of last week, and by the House on the following Friday. The Senate has done nothing else of importance.—*June 2, 1870.*

CONNECTICUT has at last undertaken to amend her laws by giving women the absolute control of their own property; and the "married woman's property" bill has also got through the House of Commons in England, so that if the cause of woman's suffrage does not prosper, the cause of justice to women certainly does. Mrs. [Harriet Beecher] Stowe has written to the *Woman's Journal* warning the friends of the suffrage against meddling with marriage and divorce, of which they are, justly or unjustly, accused by the public. —*June 9, 1870.*

DOUBTLESS IN ALL THE WORLD there is no man of letters whose death could cause so widespread and sincere a grief, and a grief that was in very many hearts so profound, as that caused by the death of Mr. Dickens on Thursday last. Not only wherever the English race exists—in the British Islands, in India, at the Antipodes, and round the world again to America, where he has given happiness to millions of readers—but also in almost every country, of whatever race, within the limits of civilization, the creations of his pen have for many years been familiar figures, and have attracted to him the strong liking as well as the high admiration of innumerable men and women and children. Every great author has multitudes of friends whom he has never seen and will never see, but there can none be named, of any tongue, who might not be taken away and leave behind him regret for his loss in fewer households than have been saddened, the world over, by the death of this most beloved of story-tellers.—*June 16, 1870.*

THE EIGHT-HOUR MOVEMENT is the effort to settle a great *social* contest. The one thing very apparent in it is the profound dissatisfaction of the laboring classes with their present condition—a dissatisfaction entirely apart from the question of what wages men should earn in a special trade—a dissatisfaction entirely novel in the history of labor contests in the United States. It is a dissatisfaction such as, in a greater degree of intensity, has before now convulsed the social fabric of older nations.—*June 23, 1870.*

"CONTRIBUTIONS to the Theory of Natural Selection: A Series of Essays," by Alfred Russel Wallace. . . . Nothing shows more clearly the pure spirit which characterizes the general intercourse of scientific men than this work of Mr. Wallace. . . . He says: "I have felt all my life, and I still feel, the most sincere satisfaction that Mr. Darwin had been at work long before me, and that it was not left for me to attempt to write 'The Origin of Species.' I have long since measured my own strength, and know well that it would be quite unequal to the task."—*June 30, 1870.*

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The New World Court

BY BARTLEY C. CRUM

[*Mr. Crum was consultant for the American delegation at San Francisco and a leader in the fight for a new World Court. He is vice-president of the National Lawyers' Guild.*]

San Francisco, May 30

WE MUST be realistic about the United Nations Security Organization. It is not a world state. It is not an organization to which any human being owes primary allegiance as against his country. It is at present an association of allied nations which have just concluded one desperate war and have determined to maintain their cooperation in peace in order that they may avoid another. The new World Court fits into the framework of the security organization and recognizes the fundamental purposes of that organization. In drafting a statute creating the new court the main goal of the conference was to obtain for it the confidence of the nations of the world. This goal, in my opinion, was attained.

The firm decision to reject the old Permanent Court of International Justice and to set up a new court had of course other consequences. For one thing, it was a rebuff to Franco Spain. It gives us hope that Franco Spain will be excluded from any part in the United Nations organization. After the admission of Argentina rumors were prevalent here that the next step would be to admit Franco. Many were fearful that our government, having suffered a spectacular loss of moral leadership through the Argentina affair, would lose all capacity for climbing out of the groove it was in, and that the groove would become a tunnel leading inexorably to the full admission of fascist Spain, to a new attempt to form a *cordon sanitaire* around the Soviet Union, in short, to the old merry-go-round. Argentina was the great gaffe of the conference. But it also scared a great many people who needed to be scared. The telegrams of protest from all over the nation against the action of our government will considerably increase the earnings of the Western Union.

Various states were members of the old Permanent Court which are not members of the United Nations. Chapter VII of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, however, declares (1) that members of the organization (defined elsewhere in the proposals as "peace-loving states") would be *ipso facto* members of the court, and (2) that states not members of the United Nations are not to be permitted to become members of the new court until they have met conditions which shall "be determined in each case by the General Assembly upon recommendation of the Security Council." The question whether the statute of the present Permanent Court should be retained hinged on the question whether former enemy and neutral states not as yet permitted to join the United Nations were to retain their membership in the World Court.

The view of Judge Manley O. Hudson, the present American representative on the World Court, is that the war has not disturbed the right of a state to be a member in good standing of the World Court. In his book "International Tribunals" Judge Hudson says: ". . . nor has any state ceased to be a party as a consequence of its participation in the present war. Neither the protocol of signature nor the court's statute creates any special obligations which could be suspended by war, and the history of the Hague Convention on Pacific Settlement, which continued in force during and after the war of 1914, without any specific act of revival, furnishes a precedent for saying that those instruments have not been suspended." Judge Hudson's conclusion is that "in so far as they exist, fifty-one states continue to be parties to the protocol of signature to which the court's statute is annexed."

There was, then, a cleavage of view which required a basic decision by those who were to draft the statute for the new court. To some extent the question of the degree to which the present statute should be modified resembled the problems faced at the Constitutional Convention of 1787, when the Founding Fathers came together to amend the Articles of Confederation. Their decision, like that of our own delegation at San Francisco, was that it was better to substitute an entirely new structure for the old than to attempt to work out thoroughgoing amendments. The Founding Fathers too wished to create confidence in a new governmental organization and to avoid prejudicing the new organization by maintaining governmental bodies which had not gained the respect of the people.

If the old World Court had been taken over by the new United Nations structure, it would have been comparatively simple to oust Germany and Japan but extremely difficult to find a formula which would exclude Franco. This point was not mentioned in the discussions, but it was nevertheless one of the factors which determined the settlement.

There was an extremely respectable body of opinion in favor of the retention of the old court. From December of last year to March of this year the American Bar Association staged twenty-five regional conferences in the United States and Canada under its own auspices and those of the Canadian Bar Association. Claiming unanimity of legal opinion—which is and was far from established—the *Journal of the American Bar Association* for April, 1945, came out in unequivocal support of "the continuance of the present Court of International Justice as the principal judicial branch of the new international organization." This attempt to force the world of today into the mold of an outmoded yesterday has met signal defeat here in San Francisco, a defeat which will, in my opinion, be confirmed next week in the final plenary sessions of the United Nations Conference.

In spite of pressure from the National Association of Manufacturers and the American Bar Association, the American delegation will support and the conference will accept the proposition that we need a new World Court. It will be a court which may reasonably and properly take over all that was valuable in the old World Court. At the same time it

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will be entirely freed from the shackles of the past. Commendation for the result should go to Senator Tom Connally, Commander Harold Stassen, and the National Lawyers' Guild.

It showed no lack of respect for the record of the present World Court to suggest that the international adjudication which the world will find necessary in the post-war years can be facilitated by a more efficient statute. The World Court has handed down only thirty-two judgments and twenty-six advisory opinions since 1922. Yet in the same period some fifty thousand justiciable international cases were decided by temporary tribunals, arbitration commissions, and other bodies. A court for the United Nations should be readily available for the settlement of such cases. It would, of course, be as impracticable to take all international cases to the Court of International Justice as it would be to take all federal cases to the Supreme Court of the United States. Still, the new court must be, and will be, continuously available for the solution of the thousands of cases which arise each year involving problems of international law.

The victory on the court issue justifies no great self-congratulations on the part of those who won it. Perhaps it is only a skirmish won in the long fight for international justice and a code of morals which will lift all mankind from the jungle of fascist power politics. At least, though, we may hope that the new World Court can reach a level where justice, decency, and democracy will determine the relations of nation to nation, of man to man.

The fact is that the old World Court was simply the vermiform appendix of an unsupported organization—the League of Nations. Naturally it failed. The decrees of this new organization will be enforced by the Security Council. The power of the Security Council is based on the policy of unanimity of action by the major powers—stated another way, the veto power.

As Commander Stassen has said again and again to the consultants, it is basic in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals that the Security Council and not the court has the responsibility to settle disputes endangering peace. Reference to the court is only one way of settling such disputes. If the Security Council continues strong and, above all, unified, the new court will inevitably come to interpret social and economic law just as our own Supreme Court has done.

We should note that the new court may, at the discretion of the conference, take over from the Hague Tribunal whatever is valid and worth while in its precedents and formulas but may reject all those safeguards and defenses which reduced that court to something close to impotence during the past twenty-five years. The rulings of the new World Court for the next three or four decades may well reflect the practicality of primitive law enforcement, but they will at least be free from the dead hand of the past.

As I see it, the decision to create a new World Court rather than to revive a moribund old World Court is one of the more significant victories of the conference. It proves that the delegates are convinced that the world growing out of World War II must be quite different from all previous concepts.

Hotel Behind the Lines

BY KAY BOYLE

I

I STOOD at the window of the hotel room and looked out across the stone balcony's balustrade, and beyond it across the square to where the river flowed, as clear and unbroken as peace itself, and marvelously impervious to demolition. A long way below, a dozen or more people stood waiting on the stones of the Arno's beach, faceless and sexless and scarcely human from the window's height, but more like the black, explicit letters of a caption saying: "Italian workers in blasted Florence waiting on the bank of the Arno to be ferried home at night." The rowboat for which they waited had no oars, but a cable had been strung across from the beach of shingle to the other bank, above which the cypresses stood, and the boatman's hands on the cable wove back and forth, back and forth, delivering the people who crossed with him into the brilliance of the sunset, and then weaving back across the shining surface of the water to the shingled beach again.

The front must be up there ahead, lost in the misty, bluish folds of the Apennines, but I did not believe in it yet. The roar of the airplane's motors had ceased in my ears just a little while before, and I believed now only in this pool of evening quiet that lay, unquivering, in the violent landscape of war. The front must be up there, with men I knew fighting on it; but here there was no echo, no whisper on the water. Outside there was the cable, strung, a delicate vein, through the stillness, and the boatman's hands on it drawing the people home. In the room, on the table behind me, were the daffodils Mario had sent, with a card saying to telephone him as soon as I got in. *In a moment I will call him,* I thought; *in just a moment, when I've stopped looking at Italy. I will call him, and see him tonight, and get the shape and the taste of things from him. He'll have grown up since* 1937*—he'll be twenty-three-or-four, and as free man and a poet he has somehow managed to survive.*

And then the telephone rang quickly on the little table by the bed and I went to it, and lifted the mouthpiece and receiver up.

"This is Colonel Sarett," said the Englishman's voice from the other end of the wire. "Stranger to you, I'm afraid. I just bumped into your name on the hotel list downstairs—"

"Oh, yes," I said, and there was silence for a moment.

"Once had a cousin from Dublin by the same name," said the Englishman's voice. "Occurred to me perhaps some member of the family. I thought I'd simply ask."

The family, my part of it, I said, left Ireland three gen-

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erations back. I added that there wasn't much to say for it as a name, and the Englishman laughed.

"There was always Robert," he said. "Wintered here, you'll remember, studying the works of Galileo. I think it was 1642."

"They had a weakness for Italy," I said. "There was John, the Earl of Cork and Orrery. But probably we're none of us related."

"Oh, doubtless not," said Colonel Sarett. "Right you are. You'll forgive me for calling, won't you? I'm just down from the front for fifteen hours, covered with muck and grime." It might have been that he brushed at his blouse a little as he said it. "Awfully decent of you to have talked to me at all," he said.

After I had put the telephone down, I felt the singularly rebuking silence in the room. *You could have gone downstairs, sat five minutes at the bar with him, asked him what part of England he came from, not mentioned Greece, but spoken of the look of London ten days ago, and of England's inarticulated courage. You could have done it for five minutes between the time of arriving here and having dinner with Mario. You could have done it for the sake of the muck and the grime and the fifteen hours he has of absolution.* I stood looking out again over the roofs, and I thought of Eden in the House of Commons crying out like a petulent woman to the questions the Labor members put to him, but I laid the thought of that aside. There had been other Englishmen; there had been the quick, good words of the Air Marshal saying to me two weeks ago at lunch, "If the time has come when the common people of the world have found a party that can speak effectively for them, then, for God's sake, let the rest of us rid ourselves of our outdated prejudices—" and then the telephone rang sharply again.

"Damned cheek, I'm quite aware," said Colonel Sarett's voice, "but I've waited a decent interval, and I still want to say it. I want to ask you if you'd indulge in a spot of pity and come down and have a drink with me?"

I said I would. I told him I was in uniform; and in the lobby downstairs there was nothing but the military—the young, the middle-aged, the Americans, the British, the Scotch, the military without relief.

"It won't be easy to find you," I said.

"You'll know me at once," said Colonel Sarett from five flights below. "My hair is going thin—you know, receding from the temples. I'm definitely battle-worn, and there are bags under my eyes."

I said I would put a daffodil in the front of my blouse.

"You mean there are actually flowers blooming?" asked Colonel Sarett. I said there were lots of daffodils—cartloads of them in the streets. "Good God, flowers—flowers blooming in all this mud!" said Colonel Sarett. "I got in half an hour ago. I haven't had time to look around. . . ."

The lobby of the hotel was marble-paved and built tall and dark for Italian summers. It was not made for the military at all. Yet here was the sharp, nervous weariness of men on pass drawn taut as a wire from pillar to pillar, and the nameless hunger, the nameless thirst of tired men and lonely men sunk in the split leather of the armchairs, or pacing back and forth on the marble flags, or grouped in nothing as absolute as hope by the revolving doors. But the man who stood quite alone, and a little nervous, by the central pillar, was watching over the heads of the others who passed him. He was watching the stairway that opened, fanwise, into the crowded place.

He was tall and rather slender, with a high, solid, broad chest—a man of forty-five it might be, standing there with the light, smooth hair receding from the peak of it on his forehead, and a clipped mustache on his lip. In spite of the wash of weariness across his face, his eyes were quick and sharp, and when he saw the daffodil, he came forward, pulling a little uneasily at his cuffs. He had not spoken of the campaign ribbons, the decorations, but they all were there.

"I say, this is sporting of you," he said at once. He must have washed his hands while he waited, for when he shook mine, the palm of it was fresh still. "We can have incredibly bad liquor in there, if you don't mind," he said, and he jerked his chin toward the door of the bar. We went in through the archway, past the uniforms standing, the uniforms seated, the great, featureless, khaki-clad army gathered in simulated ease, which turned its eyes to the sight of a woman coming, even though the look of the women loved and the women wanted had ebbed from the realm of possibility a long time back. We sat down on the only two seats that were left on the cracked, dark leather against the wainscoting. "You don't quite believe it at first—I mean, for the first few hours down from the front, you never quite believe you've got here," he said, and as he ordered the drinks of synthetic fruit juice and Italian gin, his eyes were on me carefully. "You're just beginning to get the feel of it when you have to turn around and go back again. This isn't a complaint," he added quickly, and there was the relentless military eye turned inward in self-interpellation as unflinchingly as it would have censored anyone else.

"Fifteen hours isn't much time," I said, and the drinks came then, and we lifted the short, thick-bottomed glasses, and Colonel Sarett said:

"Cheers." The taste of the drink was bad, and he ran his tongue in quick repugnance along his lip. His face was short-nosed and neat, with none of the soft betrayals of indulgence in it; the mouth was stubborn, exact, tenacious, above the cleft chin. "I could, of course, stay down longer," he said, and his eyes moved quickly to me again. "Twenty-four, thirty-six hours, you know. But I can't bring myself to it. Vanity, possibly. Probably nothing more admirable than that. But I have to get back," he said.

"You mean, the war is being won, and you're here—you're out of it for fifteen hours?" I asked, and he turned his glass in his fingers a moment.

"Lost causes," he said. "Damn it, they get under your skin." He looked up; his eyes, with the drink beginning to fuse in them, were brighter and less weary under his lightish brows. "I remember watching the planes go out over Maidenhead in the evenings—1940 that was," he said. "Old crates scarcely able to make the hop and drop their load. And even if they did get over—Norway and stuff—God knows how many managed to make it back. Isn't the smoke awfully thick in here?" he said.

"After the mountains, it's like that. It always is," I said. "You come down, and rooms seem smaller, and ceilings lower, and you can't breathe the air."

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"It's true," said Colonel Sarett, and he ordered the second drinks. "That summer I'd watch them going out at night," he went on saying, "and I'd listen for them to come back at dawn. I was convalescing from a wound I got in the Dunkerque show, and I'd lie there listening for them. When they'd begin to straggle back, I'd start counting the sound of their motors, and they'd be coughing their hearts out as they came. No recent models, no modern gear, just crates that spring and summer, but they kept on going over, and coming back when they could come back—coming back with their tail rudders out, and their landing-gear gone, just to say that they hadn't cracked up in a foreign field—for God's sake, how did I get on to this?" said Colonel Sarett. "This isn't small talk, but I swear I've forgotten how it goes. I ought to be talking about your eyes, or the way you smile, but I've forgotten how to begin. I could tell you that the reason I telephoned the second time to your room was because of the sound of your voice, and that would be true. Or I could tell you that the sound of any woman's voice heard here is like a pain in the heart—not a sharp pain, but a really beastly, nagging pain, provided you have time for that kind of pain," he said. "Perhaps better to tell you about the mountain goats up there in the hills, just born you know, right in the middle of war, sticky as lilac buds. Rupert Brooke was awkward as hell with images—foreign fields and lilacs and all the rot. But still in 1940 those planes kept going out," he said, his stubborn voice jerking back to it again. "Theirs was the lost cause then, absolutely lost, there wasn't a chance. But we had faith in them. We had to, because there wasn't anything else, and, by God, they won—"

It was when the second drinks came that he began to say other things, looking straight down into the evil-tasting and evil-smelling liquor as if the revelation of all that he believed lay there. He said, speaking quickly, that he had his own army, the men of it his own men, his people, who bore their arms in personal loyalty. He had trained these men, he said, and he had armed them, and up there in the Apennines they were fighting their own individual and dogged war.

"Eighteen thousand of them," he said, and as he spoke the fire kindled slowly in his face, and the actual flesh of Lawrence of Arabia's legend seemed to come in its pride and passion to the table and take its place with us there. "They've fought their way up from southern Italy, because they want to be up there, they want to be in the show. They've kept the supply road through the snows open all winter, done it against all the odds the elements had to offer," he said, and his eyes were on me in unflinching estimate. "Two hundred and fifty more came up the pass yesterday, the survivors of a brigade of seven hundred operating in the northern Apennines," he said, "asking to sign up with me—tough, hard men who know there's a job of work to do, and who'll do it." He had been a soldier a long time, and there was nothing of forbearance in him, and the appraisals he made were perhaps nothing more than the soldier's assessment of what functioned adequately and what did not. "I'm talking about the Italians," he said. "Italian partisans."

He said he had begged, borrowed, lied, and stolen to get their paraphernalia for them. He had got them dark blue ski suits from American stock; he had got them shoes, signing chits for them that he had no authority to sign. He had kept them covered, and fed, and armed, and fighting up there all winter. As he talked, he took his drink quickly down. In a minute, he said, in a minute he'd have a hot bath and a change of clothes, but it was not this that mattered. What mattered was that the others, the eighteen thousand of them, were up there in the dark of the mountains without him, wearing the uniform and the shoes of no regulation army, keeping the road clear of landslides, and enemy destruction, and high mountain snow.

He was saying these things at the little table in the smoke-filled crowded bar when the American major walked in and paused beneath the arch for a moment. There he stood, looking, in something not nearly young enough or lost enough for loneliness, for the sight of anyone he knew. When he saw Colonel Sarett's face, the relief came swiftly across the broad, square expanse of his own and lingered, the lines grew easy about his mouth, and he made his way through the uniforms toward us. Then he halted beside the Colonel, and he nodded to me, and he leaned over and stretched his arm across the Colonel's chair.

"I was thinking about you today, Colonel. A matter come up that put me in mind of you," he said. The voice was Middle Western, the features rugged, with wrinkles drawn deep across his heavy brow.

"I say, sit down with us," said the Colonel, coming abruptly back from the front. "This is Miller, Major Miller," he said to me. "A countryman of yours. An agricultural chap from the AMG."

"Call it plain farming. That's what it is," said the Major, and he said, "Pleased t' meet-ya, ma'am," and he sat down. He had narrow, bright, black eyes, and his ears were big, and the hair sprang black and curly and lively on his head. "Ran a farm journal back in Oklahoma. Doing something like it here," he said.

"The Major's draining the marshes out, getting flood walls rebuilt from Marina di Pisa down," said Colonel Sarett, and he raised his hand and snapped his fingers for the drinks.

"The Colonel here's mustering an army of his own," said the Major. His mouth was wide, and when he smiled, the wrinkles scarred deep and crescent-shaped in the flesh of his cheeks. "He speaks the lingo, and they listen to him as if they liked it, the Italians do," said the Major, and he sat there, the jagged crescents of the smile in his face. "I've run into a couple of Englishmen who don't like it quite so well," he said.

"All Lombard Street to a China orange," said the Colonel, "but they'll take it. You can't dispense with a country's population, somehow, not even a liberated country's."

"Floods raising Cain all over the place," Major Miller said, and when he thought of the floods he stopped smiling. "You get floods, and no sewer systems, and then the epidemics get going. Our medics are up there shooting the people full of inoculations." The Italian barman brought the drinks and set them on the table, and the Major raised his glass in his broad, clean hand and said, "Here's looking at you, ma'am," and he took a drink of it. "Jiminy

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crickets, that's lousy booze! I'm sure you're of the same opinion about it, ma'am," he said politely over his glass.

"There's a lot of future in it, my man," said Colonel Sarett. "It's keeping us here talking together. I think we might have another," he said.

"We'll drink it to Colonel Sarett's army," I said, and the Major stopped smiling abruptly again, and the crescents were blanked out of his cheeks.

"I was coming to Colonel Sarett's army," he said, and he looked at the Colonel. "I heard about thirty thousand Italian soldiers we're holding as prisoners of war. I just heard about them today," he said. "Question come up about disposing of them—thirty thousand of them that we took prisoner when we come in, and by the law of Acquisition, Retention, and Confusion, they're POW's still. Now maybe we'll conscript them into battle, and again maybe we won't," the flat Middle Western voice went on, and the bright black eyes watched Colonel Sarett in sanguine belief. "But if you put in a claim for them, I'll bet they're as good as yours," he said.

The Colonel hesitated a moment, took a swallow of the synthetic juice and gin, and put his glass down. "There's no way of knowing what their politics might be," he said.

"There's nothing to keep you from making Englishmen, or Americans, or even Russians out of them. Nothing on earth," said the Major.

"Thirty thousand," the Colonel said, musing on it. "I wouldn't know where to begin. I wouldn't know what to do with a lot of blokes who don't know by this time which way the wind is blowing. They wouldn't fit in with my blokes up there."

"Colonel, it could very well be that you're just not giving them a break," said the Major, and he shook his head. "They've had twenty-five years of not acting like themselves, the Italians have, ma'am," he said in explanation, "and now they got to start learning how. You got to help them to get everything new, right from the inside out. It's like draining the marshes first and getting the crops in afterward. You can't do it quick, so you do it slow. And in the end you get it right," he said.

He lifted his glass to drink, but Colonel Sarett spoke almost sharply across the table, and the Major put his glass down again.

"You've forgotten one thing," said Colonel Sarett. "The whole blooming lot of them in this country weren't in it, not by a long shot, Major." He chewed quickly, savagely, at his upper lip a moment, and then the vehemence died from his face. "Thirty thousand POW's," he said, musing on it again. Thirty thousand Italians out of prison, his men to clothe, to feed, to arm, to cherish. "Thirty thousand of them," he said, and the thought of them was alive now, moving up the mountain with him. "By Gad, who should I talk to about it?" he said, and the light of it was shining in his eye.

I remembered Mario then, and I got up from the table, and I gave my hand to Colonel Sarett.

"I have to telephone," I said. "I am having dinner with a man called Mario."

"Blast Mario," said Colonel Sarett, and he got up quickly from his chair. He stood there, tall and straight, his thumbs hooked in his leather belt, his mouth twitching under his clipped mustache. "If I had a bath and a shave and that sort of thing—made a decent job of myself—would you dine with me instead of him?" he said.

[*The second part of Miss Boyle's story will appear next week.*]

Power Is the Banker

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

BACK in 1918 three residents of the little town of Ephrata, Washington—Rufus Woods, publisher of the Wenatchee *World,* William M. Clapp, an attorney, and James O'Sullivan, a small contractor—decided that a great dam should be built at Grand Coulee. They had no funds, detailed information, or backing, but they were sure they had a great idea. The idea was given to the world in the Wenatchee *World* on July 18, 1918, under a banner headline. When a resident read the story, he remarked, "Baron Munchausen, thou art a piker compared with Rufus Woods!"

And yet there it is—Grand Coulee Dam, "the biggest thing ever built." Former Senator C. C. Dill, who convinced President Roosevelt of the feasibility of the dam after the Great Engineer had vetoed the idea, likes to think that Roosevelt was guided by destiny when, during the depression, he announced, "We'll build that dam!" To the fathers of Grand Coulee the present war was won in the Pacific Northwest. And it must be confessed they have an impressive case.

During the fiscal year 1944 the five aluminum-reduction plants in the Northwest produced 600,000,000 pounds of aluminum, approximately one-third of the nation's output. Part of this aluminum took final form in 30,000 airplanes, again almost one-third of the nation's production. In the same period the shipyards in the Northwest produced one-sixth of the nation's merchant-marine tonnage. Equally important for the war effort was the region's output of magnesium, calcium carbide, and ferro-silicon. Behind this prodigious production was the 1,350,000 kilowatts of power generated at Grand Coulee and Bonneville. Obviously the big dam did have something to do with winning the war.

With the exception of the Yangtze, the Columbia River is the greatest potential source of hydroelectric power in the world. The flow of the river is rapid and continuous; no stand-by steam plants are necessary. Fed by vast glaciers in Canada, the flow of the river actually increases in late summer when that of some of its competing systems has greatly diminished. The power of the Columbia is certainly one of the most valuable and durable assets of the nation.

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The crucial question today is who is to control the distribution and utilization of the staggering power potential of the Columbia River system. At the present time Grand Coulee and Bonneville generate 1,350,000 kilowatts of power at the lowest wholesale rate in America—$17.50 per kilowatt-year. With the construction of the additional dams planned, this output will be increased by more than 1,000,000 kilowatts, and the Northwest will then have more hydroelectric power than was produced in the rest of the United States before the war. Whoever controls this power can dictate the economic and industrial future of this great section.

Since the completion of the Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams the private power companies in the Northwest have largely abandoned their quarter-century fight to prevent the development of Columbia River power. What they are fighting for today is the special privilege of purchasing power "at the bus bar," that is, at the dam sites. They would probably not oppose the construction of even more dams on the river, if they were granted this privilege. They are quite willing for the government to produce the power if they can control its distribution. If they should win out, the social potential of Grand Coulee, Bonneville, and the other dams which the government intends to construct on the Columbia would be largely neutralized. As a result of the war the situation in the Northwest is such that they believe they can attain their objective.

Since the availability of Grand Coulee and Bonneville power coincided with the expansion of the defense program, the problem of utilizing this power, the problem of markets, was temporarily solved. Today almost 90 per cent of the power distributed by the Bonneville Power Administration goes directly or indirectly to war industries in the region. Once the war is over, it will be necessary to find other markets. Of 1,300,000 kilowatts of power now being distributed by the Bonneville Power Administration to some eighty customers throughout the region, more than 750,000 kilowatts are subject to cancelation in the immediate post-war period. The cancelation of these contracts will mean that the $24,000,000 of annual revenue now being collected by the BPA will be reduced by $13,000,000. If new markets cannot be found, the private utility companies will contend that the government is "spilling millions of dollars of power over the dams." At the same time they will wave before the eyes of every Congressman photostats of the handsome checks they are willing—and even anxious—to pay for this power. They will want, of course, long-term contracts. In order to confront the BPA with this dilemma, the private utilities are now trying to capture existing markets.

How far they have already gone may be illustrated by a brief account of their dealings with the Vera irrigation district on the outskirts of Spokane. The farms in this district are small. Most of the owners are part-time farmers—teachers, clerks, and industrial workers employed in Spokane. The district's contract for power with the Washington Water Power Company expired in December, 1944. When the company failed to meet the rate offered by the Bonneville Power Administration, the district signed up for Bonneville power. The Bonneville rate is about 57 per cent less than the rate offered by the private utility, and when the power is available, the consumers to whom the district distributes the power will benefit from a 30 per cent net reduction. Under the regulations of the WPB, however, the Bonneville Power Administration cannot obtain priorities for materials to build a substation and connecting lines to the district, although its existing lines are only a short distance away.

Faced with Bonneville competition, the private utility offered every inducement to the district to sign a five-year contract, but since the rate offered failed to meet the Bonneville rate, the district refused. The private utility then notified the district that it would not provide power during the interval that Bonneville was unable to serve the district. In effect, this was a threat of death to a prosperous farming community. Finally local public-health officials intervened to protect the district, and the company backed down.

That cheap Bonneville power will be attractive to municipally operated systems in the Northwest is illustrated by the experience of McMinnville, Oregon, a town of some four thousand people, the center of a prosperous farming community. McMinnville has one of the oldest municipal power system in Oregon. Since 1924, by using diesel engines, it has been able to produce power more cheaply than it could buy it from the private utilities. It was compelled, however, to set aside 24 cents out of every revenue dollar for new equipment and repairs. When it obtains Bonneville power, the city will not only be relieved of this necessity but will be able to effect a 40 per cent reduction in rates to commercial and a 20 per cent reduction to residential consumers.

For a number of reasons the Bonneville Power Administration is not in a position to organize the municipal markets. Legally it can sell power only to large industrial consumers and public distributing agencies. To meet war demands, a power pool has been formed of all the available power, private and public, in the Northwest. With most of its power being distributed to industrial plants or, under the pool arrangement, to private utilities, Bonneville cannot undertake an immediate campaign for municipal contracts. During the war it is placing no ceiling on the resale rates charged by private utilities, but after the war it will insist on such ceilings. The moment this is done, the power fight will really get under way. The Northwest will then see considerable activity in the promotion of public distributing systems—at the end of 1943 Bonneville had only fifty-two "public-agency" contracts. But this is a slow process under the most favorable circumstances, and it will be bitterly opposed, at every step, by the private utilities. If the Bonneville Power Administration were reorganized along the lines of the TVA, it could buy out the private systems, lock, stock, and barrel. At present it lacks authority to take over existing generating, transmission, and distributing systems.

Other markets exist, however, and can unquestionably be developed. The Northwest has long suffered from a lack of fuel. The development of space heating would find a large market and would greatly stimulate the service industries. Irrigation pumping, the use of electricity to generate steam for industrial processes, railroad electrification, the increased use of electricity in manufacturing and service industries, and the great possibilities of power on the farm, all promise to provide expanding markets. But the prompt and full development of these markets presupposes the existence of an agency equipped with more than the marketing function

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which is the only one that has been assigned to the BPA.

A rapid development of these markets must be forced, not only to prevent the waste of public power, but to stimulate industrial expansion in the Northwest. The vast supply of cheap government power must be used dynamically, as the key to unlock the resources of the area. Power can be made to pay the bill for improved navigation, for reclamation, for the stimulation of new industries (through pilot-plant operations), for the exploitation of mineral resources. The development of 1,029,000 acres of irrigable land in the Columbia Basin would have involved a prohibitive expense if the full costs properly allocated to irrigation had been actually imposed upon the land. With the exception of $1,000,000 charged off to navigation, however, power is expected to pay three-fourths of the cost of the entire project. In an undeveloped region like the Northwest "power is the banker." But if power is to be used in this manner, it must be controlled by an agency with authority commensurate to the task, such an agency, for example, as that proposed in Senator Hugh Mitchell's bill (Senate Bill No. 460) to create a Columbia Valley Authority.

Since they know that their fight to buy power at the dam sites will be lost if the Bonneville Power Administration is merged in a Columbia Valley Authority, the private utilities can be relied on to make every effort to prevent the establishment of a regional authority. If they succeed they stand a chance of winning the power struggle in the Northwest. For if the BPA is unable to develop new markets rapidly enough to offset the post-war contract cancelations, the bids of the private utilities can be made to appear very attractive to a reactionary Congress.

In support of their "economy argument" the private utility companies will contend that since the rates they charge for power are subject to regulation, it is really immaterial who distributes the power. There are many fallacies in this argument, but it will suffice here to point out that, given their present stock structure and bonded indebtedness, even the most efficiently operated private utilities cannot pass on to the public the benefits arising from an abundance of cheap public power. Nor are cheap rates the only issue. In a region like the Northwest the way in which power is used is probably as important as the rates charged: if properly used, power will act as a magnet to attract a healthy distribution of population and industry. The private utilities will also contend, of course, that lower government rates merely reflect the fact that government agencies enjoy tax exemption. But if the Bonneville Power Administration enjoys tax exemption, the concerns which its power has attracted to the Northwest do not. One site in the Spokane area on which an aluminum plant has been built paid only $42.05 in taxes in 1943; in 1944, with the plant installed, it paid $88,435.21.

The case for the immediate establishment of a regional authority in the Columbia Valley is so compelling that no special anxiety over the fate of the proposal would be justified if two important federal agencies had not surreptitiously aligned themselves with the utilities. In a final article, I shall attempt to explain something of the background of this curious and rather shocking misalliance.

[*This is the second of three articles on the development of the Columbia River and the need for a CVA.*]

In the Wind

QUEBEC HAS 65 seats out of a total of 245 in the Canadian Parliament, and has nominated 294 candidates for the federal election on June 11; 69 of them are Independent, 58 Liberal, 42 Social Credit, 35 Bloc Populaire, 29 Progressive Conservative, 28 Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, 6 Independent Liberal, 5 Independent Progressive Conservative, 3 Independent Conservative, 2 Independent Bloc Populaire, and 1 each listed as Farmer, National Front, Electors' Candidate, Liberal Independent, Independent Labor, Labor, Anti-Conscriptionist-Liberal, and Anti-Conscriptionist.

HOLLYWOOD NOTE: The Beverly Hills Chamber of Commerce and Civic Association is listed as a sponsor of the Mayor's Community Council on Anti-Racial Discrimination. But a committee of the Chamber, headed by Harold Lloyd, has sent the following letter to residents of Beverly Hills: "This is to inform you that the original deed restrictions which covered your Beverly Hills residential property expired in 1940. Our committee has been formed to renew the original restrictions. This action is necessary to safeguard property values and guarantee the exclusive character of your neighborhood." Recipients of the letter were asked to sign a document stating that they desired lands within the city to be owned and occupied exclusively by persons of the "white or Caucasian race."

IN REPLY TO A PROTEST by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the publishers of "Roget's Thesaurus" have agreed to "clean up" the lists of synonyms for the words "Negro" and "Jew."

ROGER BABSON offers this contribution to economic thought in a statement issued by the National Research Bureau: "Unemployment is a spiritual and educational problem rather than an economic. Congress cannot prevent unemployment. The churches and school committees of each community will determine the unemployment situation."

MONTGOMERY WARD shareholders have no cause to complain about army management. In the first quarter of this year the mail-order house made profits of $4,767,955 after taxes, compared with $3,430,324 in the first quarter of 1944 —85 cents per common share against 59 cents.

LEGISLATIVE MEMO: The United States Chamber of Commerce has suggested to the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue, now considering revision of corporate taxes, that the excess-profits tax be eliminated after December 31, 1945. "Should the end of the war with Japan not be in sight at that time," says the Chamber's May 21 bulletin, "Congress could continue this levy by a simple resolution, if the need for continuation could be proved."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. We will pay $1 for each item accepted.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Good Nazis, Bad Germans

BY MAX HIRSCHBERG

[*Mr. Hirschberg practiced law in Munich from 1911 to 1933, after 1919 specializing in political cases against Nazis and other enemies of the republic. He acted as trial lawyer against Hitler, Röhm, and many other Nazis. In February, 1920, Mr. Hirschberg contributed an article to* The Nation. *It dealt with the activities of extreme nationalist groups in Munich immediately after the end of the First World War.*]

WE WERE bold antagonists in the war with the Nazis, but we are uncertain conquerors now that victory has been won. Despite many excellent measures taken by General Eisenhower, over-all Anglo-American policy toward defeated Germany has thus far lacked basic principles, decisiveness, and direction. As a result we are rapidly losing the confidence of the democratic masses everywhere. They no longer trust Great Britain because of Churchill's disastrous policies in Greece and Italy. And if we persist in our present stand they will soon turn to the Soviet Union for leadership and support.

It has been no particular honor to us that high Nazis fled before the Red Army to find secure arrest in our lines. It indicates rather a belief in American disingenuousness in contrast with Russia's hard realism toward the top German criminals. General Eisenhower reprimanded the American officers who greeted Hermann Göring with the "courtesy befitting his military rank." But the incident is unfortunately symptomatic of the spirit of fraternization with which many American officers have treated defeated Nazi generals regardless of their war crimes. Our attitude seems almost calculated to give encouragement to the German military leaders to get on with their preparations for a new attempt at world domination.

The German war lords have never lacked gullible accomplices to help them along their road to success. Did not Ebert, premier of the republic in the closing days of the last war, make a secret pact with von Hindenburg in November, 1918, to destroy the German revolution? (A private telephone wire connecting the headquarters of the General Staff at the front with the Reich Chancellery was installed in furtherance of their joint purpose—a fact which was brought to light in 1925 during my cross-examination of General Gröner, Ludendorff's successor, in the course of the famous trial in which the army accused the civilian government of a stab in the back.) Did not the respectable German industrialists Kirdorf, Vögeler, Thyssen, Krupp, von Borsig, and Aust back Hitler with their millions when, in the late twenties and early thirties he found the going hard? Thyssen and Krupp are now in our safe and comfortable keeping. Did not the financial genius and eminently respectable economist, Hjalmar Schacht, provide Hitler with his techniques of "legal" robbery that turned out to be so useful for Germany and so expensive for us? Schacht is also in our hands, mercifully saved from the Russians. Did not the elegant Franz von Papen, on January 4, 1933, come to the home of the banker Schröder in Cologne and deliver to Hitler the person of the senile Hindenburg and the keys of the German republic? Von Papen, too, is our guest.

Lenience toward such obvious war criminals as Krupp, Thyssen, Schacht, and the others would be a fatal error. Without wholesale confiscation of the huge sums deposited by these men in Fascist and neutral countries, it will be impossible to prevent Germany's speedy rearmament. Herr Krupp has already smilingly declared that, with the help of a few loans, he could within a few months rebuild his factories—for producing peace-time goods, of course. All this is reminiscent of the cheerful admission by a top Nazi in 1944 that after World War I, while the Inter-Allied Commission was fruitlessly searching for hidden war implements in one room of I. G. Farben, poison gas was being manufactured in the next room. Our treatment of war criminals leads one to fear that responsible persons are hoping to employ German cartel magnates, with whom some leading American industrialists have had close and friendly contacts for years, as experts and advisers in reorganizing German industry. This is the point at which national interest will come into sharp conflict with the international solidarity of big business. The smallest compromise, even the acceptance of "technical" advice from German industrialists, will have disastrous consequences.

It is a pity that the industrialists, who will form the most dangerous element in the post-war period, do not come under the War Department's "iron-fist regulations." In deciding what to do with them we must recognize that Russia will accept no compromise. We shall have to choose between collaboration with our enemies and cooperation with our friends and allies.

All American public and private loans should be subject to approval by the United States government. It must not be forgotten that American bankers invested hundreds of millions of dollars in Germany as soon as Hindenburg became President in 1925. To the politically uninformed, the venerable old man represented order and stability. Actually he was the front behind which Germany rearmed and resumed its chauvinistic policy of conquest.

Even the War Department regulations, excellent on the whole, have one dangerous feature. They abolish the executive, but only place under control the judiciary of Nazi Germany. American officials, however, many of whom have a limited knowledge of German, will not be able to control the processes of German justice effectively. The judiciary was the Weimar Republic's most corrupt organ, wilfully contributing to its destruction. With the same loyalty German judges

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served first the Emperor, then the Weimar Republic, and finally the Nazis. Now they are all confirmed anti-Nazis offering their services to the Allies. There were not even a dozen German judges with sufficient conscience or pride to resign when Hitler completed the prostitution of the judiciary. No democracy can survive if its judges condemn democrats and acquit fascists. Yet that is precisely what the Weimar Republic's courts did as soon as they recognized the weakness of the democratic government. Perhaps the most fatal breach of law was committed by Judge Neithardt of the Bavarian Supreme Court in April, 1924. After Hitler was convicted of high treason for his beer-hall putsch of November 9, 1923, Judge Neithardt sentenced him to five years of honorable confinement in Landesberg Fortress (where he wrote "Mein Kampf") and then six months later released him on parole. Article 9 of the Law for the Defense of the Republic contained the compulsory regulation that a foreigner convicted of high treason must be expelled from Reich territory for life. At that time Hitler was not a German citizen. Neithardt wilfully broke the law and failed to expel the Austrian agitator. Had Hitler been forced to leave the country in 1924, he would never have been able to rebuild his shattered movement.

All German judges who served under Hitler should be dismissed without pensions. Later on some of them, carefully chosen and sifted, might be used in the administration of civil law. But criminal law, especially where it applies to political cases, must be the exclusive domain of the army of occupation's military courts. It will, for example, be extremely important to prohibit the payment of pensions to German generals so that they will not be subsidized to conspire for the next war but will be forced to seek civilian occupations. But the present Nazi Supreme Court judges would certainly declare such a ruling invalid. Given the chance, they will do everything in their power to weaken and inhibit every action taken by the Allies, just as the German courts did during the "prosecution" of war criminals after the First World War.

The Weimar Republic failed primarily because of the weakness, cowardice, and militaristic chauvinism of its leadership, which never recognized that in a period of revolutionary change only militant democracy can survive. It recognized only one foe, the German Communists. Even as late as September, 1932, when Hitler got two million fewer votes in the election than he had before, and was financially bankrupt, a dozen courageous and determined officials could have ended his movement. But the Republic's leaders capitulated without a struggle when, on July 20, 1932, von Papen executed his coup d'état against the Prussian government. Severing, the Prussian Minister of the Interior, declared he would yield only to force. And at the appointed hour force appeared in the person of the chief of police accompanied by a single policeman. Severing thereupon yielded, calmly walking out of his office and to his apartment. Shortly before this incident, the Prussian Premier, Otto Braun, who from his place of exile in Switzerland has offered to collaborate with the Allies, had taken a leave of absence "because of illness." One might expect these gravediggers of the Republic to realize that they are finished; unfortunately they refuse to admit their failure and even present their credentials as future leaders and office holders. Reich Chancellor Brüning, for example, was one of the weakest ministers of the Weimar Republic. He and Kaas, another prominent figure in the Center Party, and the man chiefly responsible for the quick conclusion of the Concordat of 1933, are being sponsored by the Vatican as candidates for leadership in the new Germany. Kaas has been unofficial adviser at the Vatican since 1933. All these men were in favor of Germany's secret rearmament, of the "Black Reichswehr," and many of them helped finance it. They are all rabidly opposed to that peaceful collaboration with Soviet Russia which is the prerequisite of world peace. Men who lacked the courage and strength to defend the Weimar Republic can hardly be expected to salvage any measure of democracy from the rubble of Nazism.

Whom, then, shall we select for civil administration; how shall we find reliable persons? We must avoid the type of error committed by the A. M. G. when it appointed von Seisser, a high-ranking reactionary Bavarian officer to the post of chief of police in Munich. Von Seisser was one of Hitler's men in the 1923 Munich putsch; with von Kahr and Lossow he shook hands with Hitler to seal their agreement. A few hours later he lost his nerve and betrayed the whole plot.

Only proved anti-fascists should be used for civil administration. Workers who have spent the past years in concentration camps may be less prepossessing than Messrs. Schacht and Krupp, but they are more trustworthy. We might, in this respect, take a leaf from the book of the Norwegians, who with full approval of their government in exile have just filled all important posts with underground fighters released from concentration camps and prisons.

It is not too difficult to find militant anti-fascists. In the United States today there is at least one proved anti-Nazi from every town and district in Germany. Hearings should be held by an existing government agency—no new agency need be created—at which these men could testify. They could supply information for a first list of reliable Germans. This could be sent to the A. M. G. for checking and possible changes. A second list of reliable anti-Nazis exists in the registers of concentration camps.

These are a few basic principles for administering Germany. Their adoption would make the complete destruction of Nazism possible and would create a climate in which Germany could prepare for democracy—instead of war.

Report on Argentina

ON JUNE 1 the New York *Times* published a sensational report on conditions in Argentina. It was sensational because it was written by Arnaldo Cortesi, the *Times's* very conservative correspondent in Buenos Aires and because Mr. Cortesi was unable to get the facts through the Argentine censorship and so sent the story out "by channels other than the normal ones." But there was nothing new in the article itself. It merely confirmed information that has appeared at frequent intervals in *The Nation* during the past fourteen months. On March 3 we published Torture in Argentina by John W. White, a detailed account of the Gestapo methods used in Argentina's prisons. It was subtitled A Document for the Mexico Conference, and copies were sent by air mail to every American delegate at the Chapultepec meeting. These

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delegates cannot claim that they acted out of ignorance when they accepted the formula which led to Argentina's inclusion in the San Francisco conference. They were fully aware of internal conditions in that country. And they had been warned in more general terms by President Roosevelt and Cordell Hull. Both had condemned the Farrell-Perón regime in words that were later to be used by Mr. Molotov when he argued against Argentina's admission to the conference.

Since Mr. Hull's opinions have generally carried great weight, it was especially amazing that the State Department should have reversed its position so drastically in such a short space of time: after rejecting all proposals to allow Argentina to attend the Chapultepec conference, it actually sponsored at that conference and at San Francisco the inclusion of Argentina in the new international organization.

"The time has come to say," writes Mr. Cortesi, "that things have happened in Buenos Aires recently that exceed anything that this correspondent can remember in his seventeen years' experience in Fascist Italy." Yet Secretary of State Stettinius made a most dramatic appeal at a plenary session of the United Nations conference for the immediate acceptance of this regime. It was as though the very success of the conference demanded that Argentina be admitted without even the brief delay requested by Mr. Molotov. The promises of reform made by the Argentine dictator were solemnly repeated, and the conference and the world were, in effect, asked to believe that the charges made by democratic groups in and out of Argentina were no longer valid. Mr. Cortesi's story in the New York *Times* demolishes that pretense and leaves the State Department and its Latin American colleagues exposed to the indignation of the anti-fascist world.

When the history of the Western democracies during the period of 1933-45 is written, one of the most difficult facts to explain will be the effort of the United States to restore to Argentina the prestige and the position of leadership it had lost as a result of its pro-Axis stand during the war.

New Hope for India

BY UMA SHANKAR

THE political situation in India, frozen since August, 1942, is becoming fluid; recent developments indicate an early end to the existing deadlock. Lord Wavell's protracted visit to London, unprecedented for a Viceroy during his term of office, is the most hopeful indication that a change is in the offing. It is expected that the British in the near future will release all political prisoners; form a provisional National Government at New Delhi, within the present constitution, composed entirely of Indians drawn from the major political parties; and restore the provincial autonomy which has been in abeyance in most provinces since the war.

Obstacles that, according to the British, stood in the way of the formation of a National Government in India, no longer exist. The Japanese armies are now in full retreat from Burma. After his release last year, Gandhi, the strongest proponent of the August resolution, declared that he would not support civil disobedience during the war. The British government has tacitly admitted that members of the Congress Party do not constitute a threat to the war effort. Sir Francis Mudie, Home member in the government of India responsible for political prisoners, recently declared that 90 per cent of the prisoners, mostly Congress members, had been released without any disorders resulting.

During the past six months the Congress and the Moslem League have shown signs of a rapprochement. In the Central Legislative Assembly the two parties combined to defeat the present government on all major issues. Bulabhai Desai, leader of the Congress Party in the Assembly, and Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan, deputy leader of the Moslem League, are reported to have agreed to form a National Government within the framework of the present constitution. The terms of the agreement were communicated by Mr. Desai to the Viceroy just before the latter left for London. Its basis was that a coalition government should be formed in which the Congress and the Moslem League would each have 40 per cent representation, the remaining 20 per cent to be divided among other Indian groups. The agreement also called for the restoration of provincial autonomy and the release of all political prisoners.

When he spoke at the Frontier Political Conference in Peshawar on April 21, Mr. Desai said: "It is true that there are now proposals before His Majesty's Government [in London] for the formation of an interim government at the Center [federal government]. . . . It is time that India assumed responsibility at the Center, even with restricted powers, so that we may find true representatives at the peace conference." Proof that the Congress Party has changed its policy since 1942 is found in the fact that a Congress Ministry has been formed in the Northwest Frontier Province. Since 1939 there had been no Congress Ministry in India.

Lord Wavell's journey to London, which has raised India's hopes, cannot have been undertaken with any expectation of repeating the Cripps fiasco and increasing existing bitterness. Official quarters say that Wavell is determined to get Cabinet action on India. He was followed to London by Sir Francis Mudie, which is significant because a necessary preliminary to the formation of a National Government in India is the release of the remaining Congress members, including Nehru. Sir Claude Auchinleck, commander-in-chief in India, has also been summoned to London. He is known to have liberal views and is reported to have no objection to serving under an Indian Defense Minister—British refusal to allow an Indian Defense Minister was one of the points which caused the Congress Party to reject the Cripps offer. Finally, the Government of India's constitutional expert, the Reforms Commissioner, is also in London. These important officials can hardly have left their posts at this time merely to celebrate V-E Day in London.

England's approaching General Election is another factor of considerable importance. Churchill and the Conservative Party have long been criticized in London for their policy in India. Editorials in the influential London *Times* on March 10 and 20 advocating a change in India are evidence that British public opinion demands it. It would be greatly to the advantage of the Conservative Party to face the electorate as favoring a more liberal policy in India; and the party usually knows where its advantage lies. An end to the long stalemate in India appears to be not far off.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

PARIS REGAINED

BY CYRIL CONNOLLY

II

THE triumph of the literary movement of the resistance in France was in its refusal to hate. Of all the anti-fascist movements the French, I think, rose to the greatest height of humanism, as exemplified in the exquisite moderation of "Le Silence de la Mer," or of Eluard's "Liberté." Never have such warm and poetical lovers of life been so thoughtfully willing to throw it away. It is difficult for us in a country which has fought the Germans but not been occupied by them to appreciate the intolerable conditions under which the resistance labored. One must first of all imagine every petty war-time restriction under which we have chafed as being imposed not by our own government but by our conquerors, with a curfew and a continuous parade of enemy uniforms thrown in. One must then add on four years of propaganda, propaganda diabolically directed against our weaker spots, our masochism, our childhood father fears—"you have all been bad, bad, bad, you have been intolerably insolent, and now God has punished you; Hitler has punished you; Pétain, Laval, and Darnand have punished you. You have hurt them all terribly. They were all so proud of you. So punishment. No more jam, no butter, no picnics. Work! Work! Work! Work, Fatherland, and Family! And if you all work very, very hard you will be forgiven—because God, Hitler, Pétain, etc., are not really hard-hearted. They are pretty decent really —only you've hurt them so. Look how nice they are to the good children, to Bergéry, Morand, to your policeman, your mayor, the good people in the big house. And they know what's best for you. In their will is your peace."

Frenchmen have told me how utterly demoralizing was this continuous propaganda. As Eluard wrote of the traitors who made it:

> Ils nous ont vanté nos bourreaux
> Ils nous ont détaillé le mal
> Ils n'ont rien dit innocemment . . .

Floods of anonymous denunciations kept pouring in to the Gestapo; all that is vilest in smug, bourgeois, middle-aged opportunism, fearful of discomfort or distress, went veering round to the Marshal; all that was lowest in angry boorish youth dressed up in the black uniforms, copied from the S. S., of the *milices populaires*. A friend of mine, one of the most kind and charming people that I know, described to me his feelings on going out into the woods of Cap d'Antibes where he was staying and discovering *Mort aux juifs* plastered upon every tree. He said that it was like suddenly finding that one had a loathsome disease, that he learned to shun his friends, never to speak to one unless they first spoke to him, that he divided them into those who cut him and those whose welcome was over-effusive, as if they were determined to show they were not afraid of infection. One day he woke up to find every single newspaper in the country carrying in huge headlines a denunciation of his family, which was held responsible for the war and for every evil consequence which his country was undergoing!

And having imagined all this treachery and corruption, one must then try to imagine the life of those who fought against it. The betrayals, the tortures, the separations, the executions and suicides, the denunciations of the resisters by their own people, who resented the harsher conditions which German retaliation imposed on them, the terrible uncertainties and disappointments which befall the weak who rise against the stronger. I wonder, for instance, if many people know that Inspector Boni, the chief of the French Gestapo torturers of the Rue de Lauriston, who was recently executed, specialized in impersonating British airmen. He would call at a farm in R. A. F. uniform, beg for shelter, and if favorably received, ask if he could hide his pocket transmitter in the barn. Then he would go off and return with the Gestapo. Such is the background against which the resistance worked, and it is to be wondered that once they had learned to watch their friends die in agony and to carry their own death with them in a capsule as their most precious possession, any of them could even contemplate literature as an end in itself and not merely as a means for bringing people back to the truth.

Eluard expresses this conflict in a recent poem, "Critique de la poésie," where the deaths of Lorca, the old symbolist Saint-Pol-Roux, and the young Decour, founder of the Editions de Minuit and the clandestine *Lettres Françaises*, peal like a funeral bell through the lovely golden sensuality of his usual image-glowing poetry:

CRITIQUE DE LA POÉSIE

Le feu réveille la forêt
Les troncs les cœurs les mains les feuilles
Le bonheur en un seul bouquet
Confus léger fondant sucré
C'est toute une forêt d'amis
Qui s'assemble aux fontaines vertes
Du bon soleil du bois flambant

Garcia Lorca a été mis à mort

Maison d'une seule parole
Et des lèvres unies pour vivre
Un tout petit enfant sans larmes
Dans ses prunelles d'eau perdue
La lumière de l'avenir
Goutte à goutte elle comble l'homme
Jusqu'aux paupières transparentes

Saint-Pol-Roux a été mis à mort
Sa fille a été suppliciée

Ville glacée d'angles semblables
Ou je rêve de fruits en fleur
Du ciel entier et de la terre
Comme à de vierges découvertes
Dans un jeu qui n'en finit pas
Pierres fanées murs sans écho
Je vous évite d'un sourire

Decour a été mis à mort.

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The resistance now belongs to the past, and is already becoming a legend. The resisters are slowly losing their voice in the government and may or may not lose their influence with the people. The trials of collaborationist writers and editors, however, have taken the place of the resistance as the second act in the public drama. They are No. 1 topic in Paris, and when I was there came before food (No. 2), fuel (No. 3), and Jean Genet's "Notre Dame des Fleurs" (a bad fourth). These trials arouse the most violent controversy, which revolves round the sentence passed and the culpability of the victims. The right tend to deplore the death sentences, the left to demand them. Mauriac, through his column in the *Figaro,* has consistently pleaded for their remission. From the psychological point of view, there is something ambivalent in all discussions of collaboration, purges, etc., and however justified each individual sentence may be, one comes to feel that the role of the English—to whom these provocations have not applied—is to urge leniency. It is not that these writers are guiltless, but that it is doubtful whether they are as guilty as many industrialists who have not been dealt with, or as many informers who have escaped. The world is full of hate, and in France, a country which has had an undeclared civil war, it is seething. Those who have the right to hate and do not choose to exercise it can do enormous good. In the words of Audisio, written in a German prison, "J'ai haï Les Allemands de toute la force de mon être. Je veux que le témoignage sincère en demeure, et malgré moi s'il le faut . . . et si je pleure, Allemands, sachez-le bien, c'est que vous m'ayez amené jusque là et que je *veuille* le dire; c'est que vous ayez, dans la haine stérile, enfoncé des milliers et des milliers d'hommes de bonne volonté."

Justice will be done to those who have betrayed, tortured, and informed against their fellows. We must try to militate against the operation of envy, revenge, intolerance, and spite causing the death of those who have merely held the wrong opinions.

[*To be continued*]

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

PLAINVILLE, U. S. A." by James West—both names are pseudonyms—is a detailed study of a "backward" rural town in the southern Midwest (Columbia, $2.75). It is "addressed to anthropologists, social scientists, and general readers interested in rural people." But I think almost any general reader will soon discover that Plainville is his own more or less antediluvian home town. For the fact is that most of us, whatever our birth certificates say, were born and raised there, and Plainville still figures in our behavior.

In this light Mr. West's cool scientific treatise becomes as personal as one's family history. As such it is fascinating, irritating, and often dull. It is dull because we are constantly finding that we already knew what he has to tell us; it is fascinating because he makes us aware of what we knew and thus renders our knowledge usable; it is irritating because, quite impersonally, he exposes us to ourselves, and in the bargain shows us that in certain minimal but very important respects we are no different from millions of other people. Self-knowledge is always irritating, and I still remember how angry I was when I discovered that Margaret was a common name.

Mr. West lived in Plainville for more than a year. He learned its history and on the basis of countless interviews made a careful record of its values, conventions, and attitudes. Plainville is still relatively isolated, but it has felt, registered, and remembered, perhaps all the more vividly for being on the periphery, the vast changes of the past hundred years.

The principal lessons to be derived from this record are the persistence with which Plainvillers have carried over into each new situation the set of values generated by earlier ones, their failure to coordinate or even sort out their by now large and various collections of attitudes, their slow acceptance of new attitudes, which, once accepted, will in turn never be discarded, and the extent to which they evade their dilemma by means of the simple device of talking one way and acting another. The Plainviller today is a bundle of contradictory attitudes of many vintages held together by a web of rationalization which protects him from himself as well as from his neighbors. Which suggests that if hypocrisy has had a peculiarly lurid growth in America, it may be in part because Americans have been subjected to so many drastic changes in so short a period of time. The mask, as Constance Rourke says in "American Humor," was a "portable heirloom handed down by the pioneer," to whom it had been highly useful, both as weapon and defense. "In a primitive world crowded with pitfalls the unchanging, unaverted countenance had been a safeguard, preventing revelations of surprise, anger, or dismay. The mask had otherwise become habitual among the older Puritans. . . . Governor Bradford had encouraged its use on a considerable scale, urging certain gay spirits to enjoy themselves in secret, if they must be convivial. No doubt the mask would prove useful in a country where the Puritan was still a power and the risks of pioneering by no means over. The Yankee retained it." So have we all, though it has gone through many mutations and now deceives no one except, on occasion and not too satisfactorily, the wearer himself. I don't mean to imply that hypocrisy is not an ancient human device in use everywhere. Still, I think the Hays code may be called a peculiarly American masquerade.

The basic ingredients, social and psychological, of the Plainville man are of course European. To these was added the complex of attitudes generated by a seemingly limitless frontier and the opportunity for economic and physical independence. The end of the frontier, the Industrial Revolution, the age of specialization, and a money economy imposed other values. And when the money frontier ended and the Industrial Revolution ran into the cul-de-sac of "overproduction," of poverty in the midst of plenty, the people of Plainville were confronted with another change—alleviation, regulation, and reform carried on by government. Plainvillers have hardly begun to catch up.

No one will be surprised to learn that it is the pioneer attitudes which were most thoroughly assimilated and which still give Plainville its particular bent as well as its flavor. If you can imagine Daniel Boone driving an automobile at sixty miles an hour on a federal highway and complaining because "the gub'ment" interferes with his affairs, you will

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get some idea of the study in the uneven development of human beings which Plainville presents.

Take the question of class divisions. In Plainville Mr. West was told in a delightful burst of protesting too much: "We're all just one plain old class of common average working people here." What he actually found of course was a class differentiation so rigid and so thoroughly accepted that he was able to make a very neat chart of it.

Looked at coldly, Plainville's attitudes, in most cases dual attitudes, toward sex, money, reform, education, religion, its stubborn benightedness and cultural poverty, are depressing. They are also infuriating because one's heart has long since become involved, and one can look at Plainvillers no more coldly than one might contemplate flesh-and-blood relatives at a family reunion.

So one cleaves, as Plainvillers do, to their good qualities: their resistance to regimentation, their belief—more honored perhaps in the breach than in the observance but none the less doggedly held—in equality and independence, their skepticism, their determination not to be taken in.

The trouble is that it is all too easy to get sentimental about Plainville or to laugh it away—that enables us to feel superior, to disown Plainville and evade responsibility. As Mr. West says, the problem of Plainville is the problem of America. Specifically, it is the problem of growing up. We tend to rationalize and romanticize our adolescence; we even admire it as if it were a first crocus instead of a festering lily. Most fiction, radio programs, and movies pander to this tendency when they are not designed by adolescents for adolescents. Even our best and most serious writers are as likely as not to be afflicted with an appalling immaturity. As for our political behavior, it is one long and painful study in development arrested at half a dozen levels.

Assuredly the problem of Plainville is the problem of America. The solution, if one dares to be glib, lies in education, but of a sort so delicate and comprehensive, yet so committed to the proposition that education is in the end a matter of lifting oneself by one's own bootstraps, that the word becomes far too small for the process. Mr. West offers no specifications, but he has at least given us unsentimental data on the problem itself.

PLAINVILLE, of course, has its saving grace—in the recurrent miracle of the individual who transcends the limitations and demonstrates the possibilities of the Plainville man. George W. Norris was one of these. I shall discuss his autobiography next week.

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The Community of Europe

EUROPE FREE AND UNITED. By Albert Guérard. Stanford University Press. $2.50.

THERE will be One World. There are at present two worlds. Their conflict, looming as the theme of World War III, can hardly be mediated unless we call into existence a third entity between Russia and the West. Its name is Europe.

On the substance and outlook of Europe Albert Guérard has written the finest and wisest book at hand. A Parisian by birth, frankly avowing his sublimated affection for the old country while sharing with unsuspectable warmth the ideals and interests of America, whose denizen and citizen he has been for nearly forty years, Guérard is the paragon of all the hyphenated. His patriotism, straddling the seas, can be described with the European words of Mazzini, "I love my country because I love all countries," or with the American words of Walt Whitman, which he ritually quotes, "O America, because I build for mankind, I build for you."

A tender bias toward France—as attractive to sentimental contemplation as it is largely inoffensive for ultimate purposes—persists below the sublimation of nationalism. Thus Guérard is not quite sure that an Arab federation would be desirable—a perplexity conditioned perhaps by anxiety for the structural firmness of French Africa. He is only "tempted," in a footnote, to add Alsace-Lorraine to the territories which have been so fiercely fought for—Macedonia, the Banat, the Sudetenland, Upper Silesia, Transylvania—and which "could be detached and made self-governing at first under federal supervision." We might like it better if he did succumb to the temptation. In general we sense overstatement in his assertions of a compact and monolithic allegiance throughout continental France and its imperial holdings. These flaws, comparatively slight, do not spoil the fabric.

The test is in Guérard's attitude toward Germany. Needless to say, there is in him not even an infinitesimal quantum of leniency toward Nazi Germany or toward any other manifestation of fascism. But neither does he show the slightest hesitation in proclaiming that a renovated Germany must in due course be reintegrated with equal status in the community of Europe. The chances that the Germans may emerge once more as the most numerous "race" in his Europe are well known to Guérard. They do not deter him; "for France," he writes, "is a smiling land, a generous spirit, and a rich tradition; it never was a race." Indeed, "Germany, the overlord, must disappear"—even though not that overlord alone: "the spirit of overlordship, the hateful Big Four delusion, must be eradicated everywhere in the world"—but "the result will not be to enslave Germany. . . . That immense power . . . will be turned to the service of the European Nation and of all mankind."

Guérard's "plan for a United Europe, a people's Europe, turns all boundary disputes into minor matters." It is a seamless garment, woven in one piece throughout. To the lazy critic, ready to mumble "Utopia," he submits a whole system

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of technical proposals that should leave no doubt about his Utopia's being the stuff reality is made on. In the political field he is radical enough to demand, as soon as possible, a European Constituent Assembly elected through secret and universal suffrage by constituencies whose boundaries should neither necessarily follow nor necessarily oppose national lines. In the social field Guérard, who is far left of center, thinks that "a high degree of socialism" is "the most efficient way of reducing to order the incredible chaos created by the Nazis." Yet he remains open-minded as regards a remoter future: "I envision the Europe of tomorrow as neither committed to socialism nor afraid of socialism." The peoples of Europe are at variance in religious creeds. Harmony will be achieved by rigorous freedom of worship, threatening no indignity and extending no privilege to any confession. The peoples of Europe are locked up each one in its own particular language. Intercommunication will be secured by an auxiliary language to be taught in all schools from the Curzon Line to the Straits of Gibraltar and from Norway to Crete. It will be the official tongue of all federal offices and agencies. It will easily gain spontaneous currency in commercial and scientific exchanges as well.

Here, more strikingly than anywhere else, Guérard rises above the pride and prejudice of many a precursor. He does not so much as mention in this context Julien Benda, who—memorable though he remains for having forged first the vital phrase *La Nation Européenne*—succumbed to the temptation of urging French as the federal language of Europe. French, according to Guérard, may obtain a transitional preeminence beside English in the brief phase preceding the constitution of Europe. A constituted Europe must adopt a language as uncolored as possible by sectional primacy. "Europe Free and United" commemorates Volapük; it pays its respects to Esperanto; it has no use for Basic English. Guérard's choice for Europe, and subsequently for the world, is—and has been long since—Peano's Interlingua or *Latino sine flexione*, Latin with no inflections, and no syntax either, a lithe and yet solid architecture of all Latin roots, and of those alone, that are at home also in the English dictionary, an instrument of expression synthetic and natural alike, with meanings promptly transparent to a much vaster number of people than any other language, natural or synthetic, has won or can hope to win.

Thus, Guérard's Europe, a fairer sister of such older children of desire as toyed, or still toy, with clerical or near-fascist legacies—besides being thoroughly free also of hostility to Russia and of anti-British exclusiveness—stands before our eyes, articulated in her essential organs and functions and even endowed with a speech as noble in its pedigree as it is functionally adequate to the technological age. We might stop in front of her and call with Gospel words in that very speech: *Europa, veni foris.* Europe, come forth.

She would not budge, however. We have made her motionless—for a while.

Lin Yutang, as quoted by Guérard, asked once: "To prevent European unity is one of our unconfessed war aims?" At any rate we have behaved as if it were.

Anglo-American policy has made whatever areas of Europe it could act upon into a vacuum intended to become an experimental laboratory for the resurrection of defunct worlds

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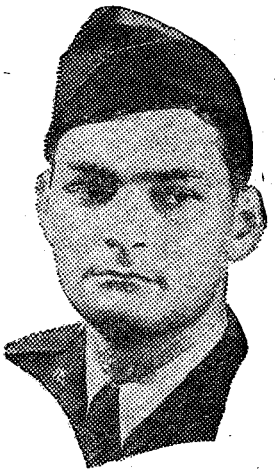

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—fascist or nearly so. We have thereby aroused both the suspicion and the ambition of Russia, who has deemed it fit to take as much of Europe as feasible into protective custody. The sword she has cast across the continent is heavy indeed. There does not seem to be east of the Elbe and the Alps much chance in the near future of calling to general elections the constituencies of a Europe free and united.

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G. A. BORGESE

CONTRIBUTORS

KAY BOYLE is a well-known novelist and writer of short stories. Among her books are "Avalanche," "Armistice Diary," and "The Crazy Hunter."

UMA SHANKAR is the pseudonym of an Indian journalist now in the United States.

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Films

JAMES AGEE

WHEN a good man gets a real chance in Hollywood it is not only news; the least one can do is salute those who, aware of the gamble, gave him the money and the chance and protected him in it. So, with pleasure, I salute David Loew and Robert Hakim, thanks to whom Jean Renoir has made "The Southerner," his own adaptation of George Sessions Perry's "Hold Autumn in Your Hand." "The Southerner" is an attempt to tell the story of a year in the life of a family of cotton tenant farmers. Though its people are exceedingly poor, this is not a political or social "exposure" of the tenant system, nor does it pay any attention to class or racial friction. It tries simply to be a poetic, realistic chronicle of a farm year's hope, work, need, anxiety, pride, love, disaster, and reward—a chronicle chiefly of soil, seasons, and weather, the only other dramatic conflict being furnished by a pathologically unkind neighbor. About 60 per cent of the film was made on location—in California not Texas; most of the time the rest is so well done that you can't tell the difference. Physically, exclusive of the players, it is one of the most sensitive and beautiful American-made pictures I have seen. There is a solemnly eager, smoky, foggy 'possum hunt which may have been studio-faked for all I know; it gets perfectly the mournful, hungry mysteriousness of a Southern country winter. There is an equally good small-town street; I have seldom, in a movie, seen the corner of a brick building look at once so lonely and so highly charged with sadness and fear.

Yet warmly as I respect the picture's whole desire and the many good things about it, I saw it with as much regret as pleasure. The heart of this kind of living is work, and the picture should have made the work as immediate to the watcher as to the worker in all its methods, meanings, and emotions. It offers instead, mere token shots of work; and in these, too often, the clothes aren't even sweated. Just as unfortunate and more constantly disappointing, most of the players are wrong, anywhere from a little bit to a whole world wide of the mark. I don't so much mind that the dialect is very much thinned out, or even that it lacks uniformity. The thinning, to the point of general intelligibility, is a convention I would accept, though I'd put my money on handling it straight. The lack of uniformity, though far less defensible, I would accept if only the people were right in other respects—which in that case would be unlikely. But most of the people were screechingly, unbearably wrong. They didn't walk right, stand right, eat right, sound right, or look right, and, as bad or worse, behind the work of each it was clear that the basic understanding and the basic emotional and mental—or merely human—attitude were wrong, to the point of unintentional insult.

To cast and realize such a film correctly would be, I must grant, one of the hardest conceivable jobs; but when has that stopped being an artist's responsibility? The one person in the film who for all his minor mistakes is basically right, in everything from cheekbones and eyes to posture to spiritual attitude, is Zachary Scott; he was born in Texas. J. Carroll Naish is no Texan, but he is such an observant, disciplined, and clear-spirited actor that he comes close to making up the difference. I have no desire to go into unkind detail about other players such as Beulah Bondi, Betty Field, Percy Kilbride, Blanche Yurka, Norman Lloyd, and two dreadfully miscalculated children, but I'll have to a little, to make my point at all clear. Percy Kilbride is a wonderful player of certain rural types, but it is hard to imagine him much south of Connecticut or much west of the Hudson. Betty Field clearly and deeply cares for the kind of regional exactness I too care for; but her efforts to disguise the fact that she is an intelligent, sincere young artist who feels sympathy and respect for a farmer's wife are as embarrassing as mine would be if I tried to play Jeeter Lester. Beulah Bondi, an actress I generally admire, demonstrates merely how massively misguided, and how swarmed with unconscious patronage, the whole attitude of the theater has always been toward peasants. I don't want to go on. I am afraid that in my objection to this kind of inaccuracy there are streaks of parochial pedantry and snobbery. But mainly, so far as I know, my objection comes out of a respect for people. If you are going to try to show real people, in a real place, I think that you have to know how their posture and speech and facial structure can alter even within the width of one county; that you have to communicate the exact beauty of those minute particulars without their ever becoming more pointed to the audience than to the people portrayed, and without a single false tone; that if you don't, you are in grave danger of unconscious patronage, you don't see or appreciate or understand your subjects as well as you think you do, you stand likely therefore to be swamped by your mere affection or respect, and so perhaps should give up the whole idea.

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

THE exhibition "A Problem for Critics," now running at 67 Gallery (through June), is pointed up by Howard Putzel's catalogue note, which singles out and attempts to define a recent and most important tendency in American avant-garde painting. It is illustrated somewhat inconsistently by a show composed of works by artists as disparate as Masson, Miró, Arp, Hofmann, Pollock, Picasso, Gottlieb, Gorky, Matta, Rothko, Tamayo, Pousette-Dart, Krassner, and Seliger. Mr. Putzel ventures to call the trend a "new metamorphism" whose "real forerunners were Arp and Miró." (James Johnson Sweeney, in the spring *Partisan Review*, refers to it as "an expressionist direction.") There is no question that Mr. Putzel has hold of something here. Until recently abstract painting in this country and elsewhere was governed by the structural or formal or "physical" preoccupations that are supposed to exhaust the intentions of cubism and its inheritors. Now there has come a swing back toward "poetry" and "imagination," the signs of which are the return of elements of representation, smudged contour lines, and the third dimension. Images, no longer locked to the surface in flat profile, reappear against indeterminate, atmospheric depths. Exhibited emotions give the spectator something to hang his interest on.

Aware of the dominant direction of art since the mid-nineteenth century—which, compelled by the social, psychological, and philosophical necessities of our late bourgeois age, takes painting farther and farther from illusion—one is liable to pronounce Mr. Putzel's new "ism" a step backward. But the judgment of taste does not quite agree. The aridity of orthodox abstract art—the fault belongs to the practitioners rather than to the mode—has of late been such that relief from almost any quarter seems welcome. Yet a great danger is involved in this new quasi-literary turn.

For one thing, I disagree with Mr. Putzel that the inspiration of the new tendency came from Arp and Miró—both of whom, despite their desire to restore "poetry" to modern painting, continue the flattening-out, abstracting,

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"purifying" process of cubism. And their influence, moreover, was strong in abstract painting long before the new turn came. No, that owes its impulse to surrealist "biomorphism." Whereas the cubists and post-cubists, including Arp and Miró, had either ended with the inanimate still life or made the animate inanimate by reducing it to pure silhouette, "biomorphism," restoring the third dimension, gave the elements of abstract painting the look of organic substances.

There is nothing aesthetically wrong in this *per se,* but it does at this moment entail a certain return to the human-all-too-human, too obvious emotion, and academic subterfuges. The novelty and apparent importance of his subject tend to keep the artist from realizing the conventionality of his methods. Instead of exploring the means of his art in order to produce his subject matter, he will hunt about for new "ideas" under which to cover up the failure to develop his means. These new "ideas" may make a sensation for a day, but they shortly begin to look woefully faded.

Many of the painters at 67 Gallery do not really belong to the new trend. Most of those who do have succumbed to its dangers. One or two, however, have accepted just enough of surrealist cross-fertilization to free themselves from the strangling personal influence of the cubist and post-cubist masters. Yet they have not abandoned the direction these masters charted. They advance their art by painterly means without relaxing the concentration and high impassiveness of true modern style.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

SOME of the musicologists' books have been bad; others—like Dr. Curt Sachs's "World History of the Dance" and "History of Musical Instruments"—have been remote from the general public's interest (but anyone who does happen to be interested in the music of India should look up an article by Wasantha Wana Singh in the November 1941 issue of *Listen,* in which there is a paragraph on Dr. Sachs's errors on the subject).

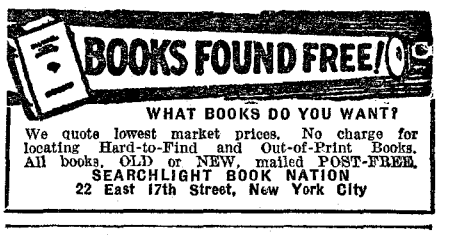
On the other hand Dorian's "History of Music in Performance" (Norton; $4) deals with a problem which every musician and music-lover is concerned with constantly—the problem of the correct realization of a piece of music in living sound from the written directions of the composer's score. These directions derive their meaning from the style of performance of the composer's period; we are not sure of their precise meaning even in the scores of the past 150 years which write out every sound that is to be produced and prescribe in increasing detail the manner of its production; and our uncertainty increases as we go back in time to scores which employ forms of shorthand that no longer have any meaning for us. In order, then, to produce today the sound of an eighteenth-century keyboard work in its own day it has been necessary to find out what its notation of ornaments and indications of tempo meant to an eighteenth-century performer, what they referred to in the style of performance he was familiar with, what sounds they told him to produce and how they told him to produce them. This is one of the things which the musicologists are busy with; one of those which they point to as evidence of the value of their science; one, certainly, which has the possibility of usefulness to the general public that some of their other activities have not.

But this possibility is only partly realized in Dorian's book. There are things in it like Frescobaldi's preface to the published edition of his Toccatas for organ that are illuminating; but there are even more things like the hullabaloo of historical information about the sarabande or the chaconne or the minuet, which we are told will establish the correct manner of their performance, but after which I knew no more about their performance than I had known before. Nor could I get any precise notions from the discussion of ornaments; and though a friend claimed to have got something from it by working hard over it, I think he really got it from his additional reading of Dolmetsch.

However I did get amusement from a couple of musico-political details in this work of pure scholarship: a photograph —the only one of its kind in the book —of Ormandy with Toscanini, intended to reinforce the impression Ormandy attempts to create in his foreword with things like his reference to "Toscanini and those of us who subscribe to the principles of interpretative loyalty" (that is, fidelity to the written score).

Of the books the musicologists have given us, only one that is of interest and value to the general public is first-rate: the Harvard Dictionary of Music (Harvard University Press; $6), by Dr. Willi Apel, with a few articles by other scholars. It is concerned only with music, not with musicians; and the articles I have dipped into here and there I have found to be excellent. One reader I know was irritated by the bibliographies that referred him to obscure and inaccessible European periodicals, most of them German. And I encountered one extremely bad article—the one on music criticism by Dr. Hugo Leichtentritt.

It is not so much its ideas about the task of criticism and what this requires in the critic that I am concerned with. For I should expect a German pedant and the author of "Music, History, and Ideas" to think that Calvocoressi's schematization of criticism, which distinguishes in it the critic's "predispositions," his "direct data," and his "indirect data," offers a practical method of operation for the critic, whose task is consciously "to separate these considerations and . . . to avoid undue prevalence of the personal 'predisposition' over the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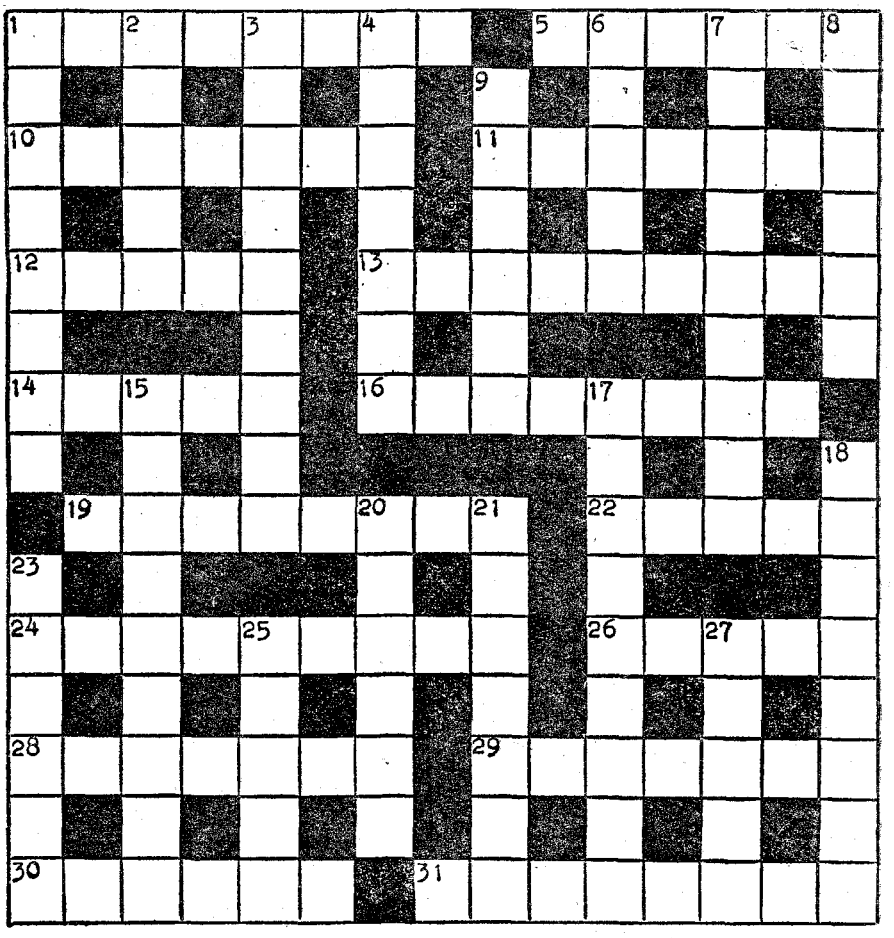
By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 A bit touched in respect of the gentry
5 His ghost is more famous than he himself!
10 Do the walls again, back and forth
11 In Hollywood parlance, a repeated routine
12 Girl whose make-up upsets the males
13 Caught in the middle of the act, the Press is distinctly dispirited
14 "Thus Raleigh, thus immortal Sidney shone (Illustrious names!) in great -----'s days"
16 A Jacobite defeat
19 Haircuts that reveal the shape of feminine heads
22 The clergy's portion
24 Gets eager (anag.)
26 You may also know this goose as the Great Northern Diver
28 Where the Grand National is run
29 Dried up and drank to the health of
30 Worthless
31 The old Vikings, no doubt (two words, 3 and 5)

DOWN

1 A worker in wood
2 Drive back
3 The fairy shoemaker of Ireland
4 British chief the Romans called Caractacus
6 Forbidden fruit
7 Dormant, but the aroma remains to the end
8 Carry too far
9 Drive forward
15 She was placed on the altar in a rash vow by her father. A tragedy noted by Euripides and Goethe
17 Where light baggage might find it most tormenting (three words, 2, 3 and 4)
18 Islands where he adopts Mormonism
20 Foliage departs
21 "This royal throne of kings, this -------d isle"
23 Not on the level
25 A change of heart
27 Bandsmen are required to keep one eye on the score and the other on this

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 118

ACROSS:—1 JUDAH; 6 MUSED; 9 ORATORY; 10 RUN IN; 11 SWAIN; 12 EPICURE; 16 REHASH; 19 ALSACE; 22 STILL LIFE; 23 MISS; 24 ACRE; 25 UPON; 26 ACTS; 27 MICA; 29 IRIS; 30 GREENSAND; 33 UNSEAL; 35 TOECAP; 38 CARLIST; 41 CLUCK; 42 AARON; 43 ELEANOR; 44 PEWIT; 45 YOUTH.

DOWN:—1 JUROR; 2 DINAH; 3 HONEST; 4 CADI; 5 TOLU; 6 MYSELF; 7 SCALA; 8 DANTE; 13 PHILOMELA; 14 COLD; 15 RAINCOATS; 17 ELISION; 18 ASSUAGE; 20 SEASIDE; 21 CORSICA; 28 ANIL; 31 RACKET; 32 NOTARY; 33 UNCAP; 34 SQUAW; 36 CORFU; 37 PUNCH; 39 RUED; 40 IONA.

factual 'data,'" and who in this way can "advance music criticism from the level of a hit-or-miss reaction of individuals to the rank of a real science."

What I find shocking is the sloppy, shoddy job of scholarship that is evident in the mere factual material of the article. The first section postpones journalistic criticism of performances to deal with criticism of music in books. But mention of Schumann's discussions of music sends Leichtentritt off on the tangent of other composers who were critics—among them Berlioz. Having mentioned him here, Leichtentritt does not mention him where he belongs—in the second section on musical journalism, where, ignoring the brilliant writing Berlioz did in the *Journal des Débats* from 1835 to 1863, Leichtentritt says: "Eduard Hanslick, who wrote from 1864 for the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna), may justly be called the father of musical journalism, *if only for the reason* [italics mine—B. H. H.] that, in his one-sided attitude against Wagner and for Brahms, he introduced into music criticism an element of personal aggressiveness and prejudice which, unfortunately, was imitated by a number of later critics."

Paralleling Leichtentritt's omission of Berlioz is his omission of the most brilliant of German musical journalists, the poet Heine. And when he deals with England he mentions Ernest Newman, because Newman happens to be "best known internationally," but not Bernard Shaw, one of the greatest of all music critics, whom it would have taken some effort to know about, and not even the most distinguished English critic of recent years, W. J. Turner. As for the United States, it has had "a galaxy of eminent critics who have done honor to the profession"; and first comes a list of the older generation, concerning which I will express my doubt that the judgment that Krehbiel did honor to his profession was based on any investigation into what that American Hanslick wrote. And then a list of those who "at present" are "with others . . . the best known and most esteemed critics": Downes, Oscar Thompson, Virgil Thomson, Chotzinoff, Perkins, and Leonard Liebling—a list which includes one man who gave up his job four years ago, and fails to distinguish the men who are worthy of esteem from those who are not.

"But then," a friend remarked, "consider the reviews the book would have got if it had had a *good* article on criticism."

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